

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## Let's look at the profit and loss of FAMILY MANNERS

Do your family manners add up to a profit or a loss?

In the world of big business they're now adding up liabilities and assets preparatory to beginning a new financial year on July 1.

So, on the home business front, let's look into this matter of a greater investment in family manners. Are you on the credit or debit side of the manners balance sheet?



By NOEL  
CARRUTHERS

**Y**OU may be a credit to the family socially, but a heavy debit in the family circle.

Do you rush through your dinner as if you're in a restaurant, omitting to pass the pepper and salt or even a few amiable remarks to the rest of the family?

When you're finished, you must think of them in your own mind, or at least in your own heart, as you go to the kitchen to wash your hands. Or, if you're a mother, you must think of them as you go to the kitchen to wash your hands. Or, if you're a mother, you must think of them as you go to the kitchen to wash your hands.

Good family manners make a happier household. They

help mother to remember she's a gracious hostess, not just the person who cooked the meal, when the family sits down to dinner.

They might cure father of reading the morning paper with breakfast and the evening paper with dinner.

And if you're a mother, you must think of them as you go to the kitchen to wash your hands. Or, if you're a mother, you must think of them as you go to the kitchen to wash your hands.

And when you're all there, you must think of them as you go to the kitchen to wash your hands. Or, if you're a mother, you must think of them as you go to the kitchen to wash your hands.

When children are bad-mannered,

WHEN children are bad-mannered, bad example is usually lurking in the background.

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### Ask yourself

**HAVING** returned from a holiday where I've been airing my best party manners I've made this list to check up on my own and my family's good manners:

Do you—  
Borrow small sums from other members of the family and forget to pay them back?  
Read their letters without being invited to?  
Rustle the paper during the news session?  
Sit nearest the fire and refuse to budge all the evening?  
Ignore the rest of the family when you bring guests home?

Look bored when father tells his favorite story?  
Jeer at family failings in front of visitors?  
Steal the limelight by moaning about your ailments when another member of the family is ill?

Forget telephone messages?  
Borrow clothes without permission?

Register glum resignation when it's rice pudding again?  
Disappear at washing-up time?

Leave the bath mat in a wet tangle and the soap in the bath for the next bather to slip on?

Leave highly-perfumed talcum all over the bathroom to asphyxiate father when he bathes?

Criticise your brother's girl friends or your sister's boy friends?

Compliment your wife on cooking a good dinner?

Ask your husband if he enjoyed his meal?

Inquire if husband or father has had a busy day?

Ask the children how they got on at school?

Ask the rest of the family if they want to hear the radio session you've tuned in to?

If you can answer "No" to the first fifteen questions and "Yes" to the last five your family should crown you with laurels.

In fact, you'd probably be so perfect that no family could live with you and bear it.



MIGHT even make him notice that he hoys the fire these cold winter nights.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Spencer Shier.

**SIR HERBERT GEPP**  
Electrolytic honors.

**FOR** his services to mining and metallurgy Sir Herbert Gepp has been awarded the 1939 medal of the Australasian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. "In particular for his work in developing flotation processes in treatment of complex sulphide ores, and establishing the electrolytic zinc industry in Australia."

An Australian organisation, the institute makes its awards to Australians.



**MISS JOYCE BROWN**

Cedar charms her.

**SPECIALISING** in old colonial furniture designs, Miss Joyce Brown, of Sydney, says, "I have a passion for cedar. Its color and perfume make it my favorite medium. I am using old-fashioned coach-wood, too."

"What's new? Well, I'm trying as a new detail slots in doors and drawers instead of handles."



**MR. ROY GOLLAN**

Trade with India.

**AUSTRALIA'S** first Trade Commissioner in India, Mr. Roy Gollan, has now established headquarters in Calcutta. Post has been created by the Federal Government because of the increasing importance of Australia's trade with India.

Mr. Gollan knows India well, was formerly manager there for Australian National Travel Association, and is keen to develop this new contact.

The dreamy sounds of a Viennese waltz swirled around them, engulfing them. She raised her eyes to his, and thrilled to the love she saw there.

**ROMANCE LIKE THIS...  
THE RIGHT OF EVERY GIRL**

Every girl has within herself the power to be the heroine in some chapter of romance. To be born beautiful is not necessary—rather to appear well-cared for, with the fascinating appeal of a skin soft as down. For even an everyday complexion takes on charm with Erasmic Face Powder. This powder is scientifically blended—softer, silkier and clinging closer than most powders. So it makes your skin seem always flawless and irresistible. Try it once and you'll make Erasmic your one-and-only.

**ERASMIC FACE POWDER**

ERASMIC CREAMS (VANISHING AND GOLD) 1/- TUBE

IN RACHEL BRUNETTE  
SUNTAN AND NATURAL





# There's Something in Love

Cupid proved more than a match for two young schemers

ONE summer evening when Rome was looking its loveliest a man and a woman turned down the Via Della Vente Settembre. They paused a moment before passing through the swinging glass doors of the luxurious Rex Imperial Hotel.

They were arm in arm, and their fingers were linked covertly, as if they were very young people afraid of others guessing their secret. But neither of them was young. The man, in his late forties, was very erect and carried his well-cut clothes with ease. The woman was a few years younger, a slender, graceful creature, whose features bore traces of a mischievous humor and wilfulness that must have made her a radiantly lovely girl twenty years ago.

"Had a happy day?" asked Mr. James Goodison Kent.

"Wonderful," replied Mrs. Philip Kirk Demarr. "You make everything so interesting."

"And—after dinner?"

"The night's young!" In her voice was the soft drawl of the Southern States.

"Suppose we go young again? What about the Eliseo?"

"And what about Genevieve?" Mrs. Demarr smiled. "What will she say?"

"Pretty much the same as John, I imagine. We ought to introduce them and let 'em fight it out between themselves."

"Genevieve," said Mrs. Demarr, "is a very awkward child to handle."

"So is John. A frown crossed Mr. Kent's face. "He's so earnest."

They both laughed. The glass doors spun. The hotel enveloped them.

GENEVIEWE was polishing her nails.

"You might have said," she remarked over a slender bare shoulder, "that you intended hobnobbing with the British nobility."

Her voice was clear like her mother's, but it had a harder, crisper ring. Mrs. Demarr frowned prettily. She had the gift, supreme in an older woman, of appearing lovely without being arch.

"But you had the Voses, darling."

"I had. But Oscar Vose happens to be a bore. I went to the Capitoline Museum and enjoyed it better. Where did his lordship take you?"

"We went to the Tivoli."

So might she have said: "We went to heaven."

"Who exactly is this grey-haired menace?" Mrs. Demarr did not answer directly.

"Do you know," she said dreamily, "I think I'm happier than I've been for years."

"What love can do for elderly infants!" said Genevieve. But not cattily. She adored her mother.

"Am I elderly?" Mrs. Demarr looked anxiously into the mirror.

"He is"—this pointedly.

"I suppose so. But I think he's the best—"

"The kindest, most considerate man you ever met!"

"Yes. Just that!"

John Kent swung from the corridor into his father's room, to find that James Goodison Kent was brushing his hair vigorously over his one obstinately bald patch.

"Going gay, aren't you?" said Kent junior, very knowingly.

"I'm not," declared Kent senior, holding out his cigarette case. "I've spent a perfectly innocent day in-



He stood and stared, for in a seat near the aisle was Jinny.

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES

specting Hadrian's villa. What have you been doing?"

"Sightseeing. It's harder work than I thought," John grinned, and the effect was very pleasant. It transformed a rather long, studious face into an engagingly boyish one. "Especially when one isn't blessed with charming company."

He studied his father's reflection. "White tie, eh? Look here, Dad, you're not—not falling for this Demarr woman, are you?"

"Falling? Oh, you mean Helen!"

The elder Kent was obviously embarrassed. Then, speaking more slowly, he used a phrase remarkably like that put into Mrs. Demarr's mouth by Genevieve only a little while before.

"Helen's a fine woman," he said. "She's kind and—and companionable. She's suffered a good deal, John."

"And I suppose you're playing knight-errant?"

"Well, not exactly."

James Goodison Kent's embarrassment grew. It even tinged his ears.

"I've seen her at a distance. Very co-ed. No, thanks," John stared through the window.

"I'm sorry. Helen felt rather guilty, taking up so much of my time and I gathered she wanted to apologize. In a way, I promised."

"Oh, very well. Anything to keep your blood-pressure down!"

They took the lift to the lounge. Mrs. Demarr was sitting open a letter. Genevieve was lighting a cigarette. John Kent took stock of her.

Peach, he admitted. Clear-cut as an etching.

She stared back. English as they come. More gauche than ever any American male of his years could be.

"Helen, this is my son," James Kent was saying. "You've heard me mention Mrs. Demarr, John?"

"I've not only heard you mention her," John said. "I've watched you getting positively childish about her. How d'you do, Mrs. Demarr."

But he smiled as he said it, and that blunted the barb. Mrs. Demarr smiled, too.

"This is my baby, John," she said, a hand on the girl's shoulder. "Genevieve. We started calling her Virginia for short, but that didn't help, so now she's Jinny."

"You can start off with Miss Demarr," the girl murmured, and John suddenly felt exactly what she had thought of him.

"WELL be late," his father said diplomatically to Mrs. Demarr, leading her towards the entrance.

"I feel sorry for that son of yours," Mrs. Demarr said mischievously. "I know Genevieve."

"They're at an awkward age," John Kent muttered.

"I sometimes wish—" she began, and then broke off with a sigh.

"I often wish the same thing," he agreed.

"They miss so much by being so very modern, don't they? Poor Genevieve, she's an answer for everything and yet she knows so little."

"It's a pose," John Kent said. "It is with John, anyway. He was

A Short Story  
by

JEAN  
HELLIER

pretty badly hurt a year or so ago, and since then he's been growing a shell."

"I don't think Genevieve has ever been hurt. Perhaps that's the trouble."

Very like lovers they were, wandering through the warm Italian night, oddly contented to be with each other.

John Kent stared resentfully at his father's back.

"Next time I come to the Continent for a holiday," he said, "I'll travel with a steady man of my own age. See what glamor does to an elderly widower."

"You're telling me!" said Jinny, with great bitterness.

"Before we know it we'll be related," he prophesied. "Oh, well, let's make hay while the sun shines. Have you time for a drink before your dizzy round of evening engagements begins?"

SHE shrugged her shoulders. He took this for consent, and marched to the American Bar. "Something short," he said. "Something to revive the weary heart."

"How did they get together?" Jinny wondered aloud. "London and Louisiana—hands across the sea! Your father's a fast worker, isn't he?"

"Your mother's not exactly left at the post herself."

"At first I thought it was a vacation friendship. But it isn't. You can take it from me."

"Don't I know it! And what's going to happen? A general uprooting on both sides. It's had enough when young people get bowled over by all this moonlight and roses stuff, but when you get a man and a woman—"

"The love-bug isn't particular where it bites," Jinny said practically.

"Yes, but I'm trying to get to the root of the trouble," he said doggedly. "This mutual attraction—"

"Oh, I know! Nature's way, usually mistaken for lifelong devotion. Excusable in the very young, but inclined to be a pain in the neck to onlookers when the victims are over forty."

"Yes, but what are we going to do about it?" John wanted to know.

"Nothing. It's what you get for not bringing up your father in the way he should go. And it's my fault for coming over to Europe in the wake of a fortune-hunting Mrs. Philip Kirk Demarr."

She put down her glass, and was about to slither off the stool, when John firmly gripped her wrist.

Something she had just said had made him prick up his ears.

"There's no hurry, is there?" he said. "Let's talk."

"What about?" she demanded suspiciously.

"About your Grand Tour of Europe, for one thing. Where do you go from here?"

"Where were we going, you mean, Venice, Lucerne, Paris, and London. That's the schedule."

"And how much of Rome have you seen?"

"All I want. If ever I see another broken column, even in the Garden of Rest back home, I'll tear my hair."

"There aren't any broken columns in the Corsini Gardens. Ten in the morning?" His eyebrows lifted.

"I don't see why I should."

"Not even for a council of war?"

"Oh," she said. "Very well. I'll be there."

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# ROOM FOR A HOME

Complete short story...

**D**ON GARDINER glanced at the speedometer and slowed to a meditative thirty.

He settled his shoulders into his motor coat—the October air was chilly—and watched a lopsided moon ride yellow above the twisted pines. The road was white and wide; he knew it like the palm of his hand and hated every inch of it. He drove mechanically and let his thoughts run.

As usual, they ran on money—they always seemed to run on money since he had bought the old Morgan place.

It was Chet Batters who had got him into it, years before. Great days, those—you bought a stock in the morning, sold it at noon, and celebrated on the profits that night. To Gardiner, a year out of college, with a little inheritance, it had been a golden dream. . . . But Chet was a wise bird, Chet knew it couldn't last. "What goes up must come down," Chet said. "You soak down something in a proposition that'll stay with you when they bust."

Land was the stuff, Chet had said. And he had the spot picked: a red-hot tip on the old Morgan place as the key piece to an expensive resort development with Andrew Cole behind it.

"And when Cole puts money into a development," Chet had exulted, "it's sure as death or taxes."

Well, death had been surer. Andrew Cole's death under his car. And the scheme had died with him. Then the crash—as Chet had foretold.

Something that would stay with him! He smiled wryly. He had it all right—try to give a farm away, these days! Try to get anybody to live eighteen miles away from Greendale and the crowd. And did he know it, now that his income was cut in two and he had to live there himself? Rents in a resort like Greendale were crazy—besides, Chet said, the only way to sell a place like that was to keep it up.

"Plenty of fools left yet with the bug to come south and farm," Chet said. "But you got to show 'em a going proposition. You run the place and we'll find somebody to unload on. Try some cotton in the meantime. Price is pretty low now, but it's liable to go up and give you a clean-up."

That showed how much Chet knew, he thought bitterly. Six cent cotton again this autumn. And Miles Morgan, his farmer, driving him crazy—he could hear him now, patient, endless—"Land's like folks; you got to treat it fair. Cotton again this year'll just drag the heart out of it. Now you let me rest it—plough in some green crops."

He slowed for the turn and jolted along the narrow road to the place. Have to fix that road, too. Darn money, anyhow!

As he coasted to a stop before the house, a dark form detached itself from the shrubbery. He shut off the ignition with an irritated snap. . . . What now? More trouble probably.

The white's of the dark's eyes showed in the light from the dash. He stammered excitedly. . . . "Hit—hit's been an accident—"

Quiet, his hands on the wheel, Gardiner tried to fit his mind to the fragments of words that beat on his ears. . . . "done r'ared up an' hooved him. . . . Yesso, he said—daid—befo the doctuh come—"

Miles! . . . Miles Morgan was dead. Miles—

He came to himself. "Anything I can do to-night, Ben?"

"Nawwah, I reckon not. Figure you'd want to know, sith."

"Thanks, Ben. I'm glad you—"

He put the car up, mechanically, and went into the house. He lit a cigarette, stared at the match flame until it burned his fingers, dropped



Illustrated  
by  
DES CONDON

it. . . . A thing he had said to Miles yesterday—"If I ever get out of farming, I'll pick a business where I don't have to have Providence for a partner." He wondered dully why he should think of that just now. He wished, somehow, he hadn't said it.

It was eight in the morning, and hot, before he got down to Miles' little weathered cabin. Half a dozen ramshackle cars already stood under the big oak in the yard. He dreaded seeing Miles' worn, young-old wife, finding something to say to the solemn, hushed relatives.

He recognised a saddled horse, tied to a sapling, with a faintly guilty feeling. Camilla Ashley was already here then. She must have ridden over the six miles from Bannockburn while he was still in bed.

She came out of the house as he came up—must have come right over as soon as she heard, he thought, for she was in riding breeches, coatless, her sleeves rolled up and her shirt open at the neck. Miles' two children were with her, David, six or seven, trudged by her side stolidly solemn, with traces of tears on his grimy cheeks, but the little girl clung to her hand with shy excitement. Too young to take it in, he supposed.

"I just heard this morning," Camilla nodded a greeting to Don then turned to David. "Do you suppose you and Evalina could give my horse a bucket of water?"

"Yes'm Miss Camilla; I reckon." He tramped off importantly with the little girl trotting alongside.

She shot a plying glance after them.

"People make death pretty gruesome, don't they?" she said in an undertone.

"I thought I'd take the children over to Bannockburn till after the funeral."

"It's awfully good of you." He hesitated. "I'd like to do something. Can't I run them over in my car?"

"Thanks, but I promised they could ride the horse. It'll help take their minds off Miles. I'll tell you what you could do, though—if you'd come over to-night and bring them back. Why don't you come over to dinner?—if you haven't anything better to do, that is."

It made him feel a little uncomfortable. Time was when he saw a good deal of Camilla, but lately he had rather shied off. Camilla was fun enough, but he couldn't afford to be identified at the Greendale parties with any girl. If your stock in trade was being unattached, you had to be unattached. . . . Still this wouldn't let him in for anything and Miles' funeral would be an ex-

## By CLEMENTS RIPLEY

cuse to beg off from the Brittans' dinner.

"I'd love to," he said on impulse.

He watched them down the road. Even with the children fore and aft Camilla on a horse was something to look at.

The funeral that afternoon was an ordeal. Somehow, as he listened to the hollow words of the preacher, Gardiner found himself thinking of the Miles he had known. Miles with great fork-loads of hay for the patient, furry farm animals. The swing of his big shoulders to the mowing blade, his relentless pace

behind a plough, seen against a sunset sky. . . . Miles, slow, powerful, gentle, inexorable—moving in a quiet rhythm to the changing seasons—

Even in his work-scarred hands there had been a certain high-quiet dignity. The dignity of steaming fields after rain, of great trees, or of growing corn. Startlingly came the picture of Miles as he really was—a part of the land, with his roots deep in it.

It was a new thought, a thought so absorbing that he was still seeing the picture as he sat on the steps at Bannockburn that evening and watched the starshot purple deepen above the magnolias. Camilla on the step above, relaxed against a column, her hands clasping a slim ankle. The moment was one of slow silence, filled with soft dusk and the faint, autumn tang of wood smoke.

Camilla sitting a horse with the Greendale hounds, in the ring at

A queer, heady excitement was thrilling him. He gave her a quick glance.

ness. She sold horses over there, and you had to keep your mind on it to do that. She knew how to get prices, too. He liked that. And she knew how to run her plantation, too.

That reminded him. He'd meant to ask about getting a man to take Miles' place.

She considered. "It isn't easy to find one like Miles."

His thoughts went back to that strange moment this afternoon. "No—" he hesitated. "I—well, I understand that now."

Then, as her face turned towards him, white in the dusk with the warm whiteness of a magnolia blossom, he found himself trying to tell her. . . . "You know—he seemed a part of the place, kind of—"

She inclined her head gravely.

"I know what you mean, of course, but I didn't suppose you—" She broke off. "Miles was the kind of man who put something of himself into a place."

"Yes," he said. "I'm beginning to understand it was a kind of religion with him."

"It was his real religion."

"I never used to understand why he was so keen to build up the place when he didn't own it," Don said.

"He had too much respect for the soil to try to cheat it. . . . And, of course, from a dollars and cents point of view, the most expensive thing in the world is poor-land farming. You've got to work with your soil. You can't make a drudge of it." She considered a moment. "See here—why don't you try handling the place yourself for a while? The over-seeing?"

He came out of his mood with a deprecating laugh.

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## *No foe shall gather our harvest*

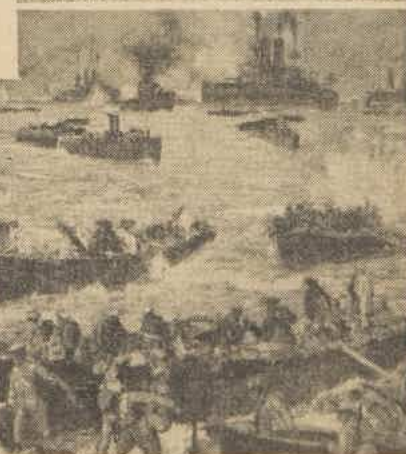
**S**ONS of the mountains of Scotland,  
Clansmen from corrie and kyle,  
Bred of the moors of England,  
Children of Erin's green isle,  
We stand four-square to the tempest,  
Whatever the battering hail—  
*No foe shall gather our harvest,  
Or sit on our stockyard rail.*

Our women shall walk in honor,  
Our children shall know no chain,  
This land that is ours forever  
The invader shall strike at in vain.  
Anzac! ... Bapaume! ... and the Marne! ...  
Could ever the old blood fail?  
*No foe shall gather our harvest,  
Or sit on our stockyard rail.*

So hail-fellow-met we muster,  
And hail-fellow-met fall in,  
Wherever the guns may thunder,  
Or the rocketing "air mail" spin!  
Born of the soil and the whirlwind,  
Though death itself be the gale—  
*No foe shall gather our harvest,  
Or sit on our stockyard rail.*

We are the sons of Australia,  
Of the men who fashioned the land,  
We are the sons of the women  
Who walked with them, hand in hand;  
And we swear by the dead who bore us,  
By the heroes who blazed the trail,  
*No foe shall gather our harvest,  
Or sit on our stockyard rail.*

—MARY GILMORE.



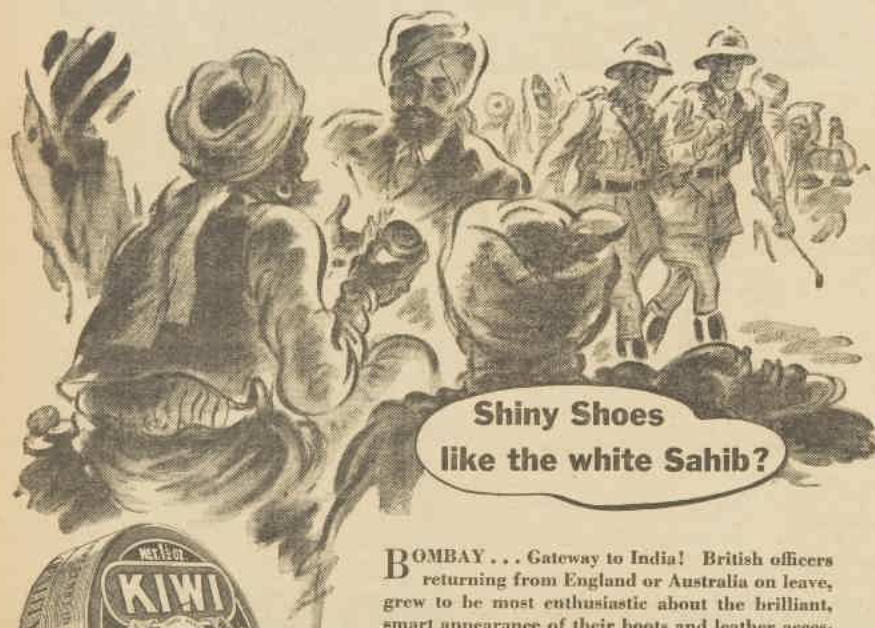
At 75, Australian poet and writer Mary Gilmore, Dame of the British Empire, has written one of the finest Australian songs of the war. It appears above. "I'm too old to do many of the things I would like to do to win the war," she said, "but I can still write. Here is a song for the men and women of Australia." The inspiring note in the song is so vividly Australian that The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to present it to readers.



## A black and white photograph capturing a moment of human connection in a desert setting. In the foreground, a British soldier, wearing a dark helmet and a military uniform with a visible rank insignia, is shaking hands with an elderly Bedouin man. The man is dressed in traditional attire, including a striped headscarf and a thick, dark fur cloak. They are both smiling, suggesting a friendly interaction. In the background, a camel is visible, and the landscape is a vast, open desert under a clear sky. The overall tone of the image is one of peace and cooperation.

## A.I.F. men in Palestine keen to be in action

the wisest thing for me to do was to return to Australia."



**Shiny Shoes**  
like the white Sahib?

---



**Now experts get a "mirror-finish" shine with KIWI—**

Of course you know how to polish your shoes... but here's a polish to set a new high in a way. First of all rub the dust off the shoes with a clean piece of cloth wrapped round the fingers, rub in a fair amount of KIWI Polish. The polish is well rubbed in and the cloth is rubbed in the top of the shoe and thoroughly all over the shoe. Now polish briskly with the shoe. Now little do whilst there are on the shoes. Bores of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror finish" will result.

# KIWI *BLACK*

ALSO OBTAINABLE IN FULL RANGE OF TANS AND STAIN POLISHES.

34057





## A Complete Short Story

By... JOHN DOLLAND

VISITING George and Dinah is always a joy. The drive itself is tedious, but when you finally reach their old Tudor cottage you know that it can only have fallen from heaven and been garnished by beneficent fairies.

Before you have time to get out of the car, the door has opened, and there is George, one hand grabbing your suitcase, the other shaking hands. "Hullo, John! Had a good drive?"

You go in to that welcoming hall, with its beams, its tapestries, and the roaring fire whose orange tongues are reflected in a dozen pewter tankards. You kiss Dinah on the cheek, throw your coat in the panelled guest-room, wash and brush, and return to the hall, where an armchair is already drawn up to the fire and a mug of ale poured out.

As I sprawled in this chair last week-end, with their old English sheep-dog resting its head on my knee, they told me how some years ago an odd combination of circumstances saved the honor of George Martel and, quite possibly, the honor of England. I had been looking through their photograph album, largely occupied by snapshots of their two-year-old son in different positions, when a couple of pictures which had not been mounted slipped out and fell to the floor.

I picked them up. They were larger than the usual snapshot, and looked to me like pictures taken for a newspaper, except that they were not very good. They had been taken in a very poor light, and one showed a group of men in dark clothes. Two were shaking hands, and one had a little black bag such as doctors carry. The other was more sinister. It showed two men in their shirtsleeves standing back-to-back, while a third man some distance away held up a white handkerchief. One of the shirtsleeved men was holding what looked suspiciously like an old-fashioned duelling pistol.

"Do you recognize either of those people?" Dinah asked me.

I looked at the picture again.

"If I didn't know that George would not kill a spider without first apologising to it," I said, "I should say that one of them is George."

"It is," said George.

"Do you mean to say that you fought a duel?"

"I did."

I felt that I was having my leg pulled. Perhaps these pictures were stills from an amateur film.

"Were you killed?" I asked innocently.

"No," said George. "I'm not fooling, John. It really happened."

"You don't mean to say that you shot your opponent?"

"George was the winner," Dinah put in. "And what's more his opponent was the Baron Ferdinand von Ekstein and von Karsenburg, crack shot of the Strelsau Lancers."

"I don't believe it."

"It's true," said George modestly, and after he had refilled my tankard they told me about it.

It happened before they were married, before they were even engaged. They met when George was holiday-making at Cannes.

Dinah was staying at the same hotel, trotting round with a rich aunt who suffered from the wanderlust and liked to have someone young and amusing with her. Unluckily for George he did not arrive till the day before Dinah and Aunt Maud were due to leave for Strelsau.

George fell in love with her at first sight, which is quite understandable. They spent a merry evening dancing together, and the following morning, with a feeling that a cold potato had lodged in his throat, he saw them off at the station.

The potato, George told me, stayed in his throat all day.

By the evening he felt so miserable that he could think of nothing



Illustrated by WEP

Dinah tried to rush forward but strong hands held her back.

# EPISODE at DAWN

better to do than stroll up to the casino and lose a franc or two. For the first half-hour everything went beautifully.

By the time he was two thousand francs and a couple of champagne cocktails to the good he had decided to mend a broken heart by becoming a millionaire. But his luck changed and the croupier got his two thousand back. He cashed a cheque and tried to win it all back again, and by the time the party broke up he'd lost all the money he'd saved for his holiday, and a bit extra.

The following morning George wired his father for a small loan, and sat in the hotel lounge and reviewed the situation. In the circumstances he could not ask the Old Man for much, and obviously Cannes, from now on, would be too expensive for him. The money and the inspiration arrived at the same moment. Strelsau, not being a holiday place, was cheap, and he had heard it well spoken of. And occupying the best suite in whatever might be the best hotel were Dinah and Aunt Maud. He cashed the money order, got his passport stamped, and bought a ticket.

And so, in a fast train, George hurried across Europe towards Strelsau, romance, and the Baron von Ekstein and von Karsenburg. In the dining-car he made friends with a charming young man named Count Paul of Something—I forget what—whose veins contained some of the most aristocratic blood in Europe, and whose ancestral coffers contained nothing at all. He was so broke that he travelled incognito and in patent medicines, and he took to George at once. George paid for the meals, and afterwards they played dice in George's compartment.

George found him most charming. He spoke English extremely well, and it was one of his ambitions to be mistaken for an Englishman. What he particularly admired was George's grey flannel trousers. Properly made and cut by an English tailor, they are unobtainable in Strelsau, Budapest, Vienna or anywhere else on the Continent that I know of, and the Count regarded

them as the last word in style. I think he was secretly hoping George would send him a pair when he got home. Anyway, he was extremely hospitable, insisted on George's putting up at his flat while he was in Strelsau, and promised to show him all the best night clubs and introduce him to the aristocracy. This suited George beautifully, because Aunt Maud liked a lot of gay life and high society, and George knew he would be sure to run across her and Dinah fairly soon.

They got through the Customs and reached Strelsau at 11 o'clock. I have never been there, but from George's photograph it looks most attractive, with its odd-shaped houses and towers, its cobbled streets and quaintly-dressed people.

At the prevailing rate of exchange George found himself quite rich. He settled down in Count Paul's three-roomed flat in the Maximilianstrasse and that very evening encountered Dinah and Aunt Maud in the cocktail lounge of the Hotel Radoff.

"**W**HATEVER are you doing here?" Dinah demanded when she saw him.

"I felt a little lonely after you left, so I thought I'd stroll along," murmured George.

"Was there nobody else in Cannes?" "As far as I'm concerned there was not," said George, feeling very surprised at himself at paying a compliment that size with such ease. It must have been the atmosphere. "May I introduce Count Paul? Miss Loring, Mrs. Wilberforce."

Paul bowed, clicked his heels, said, "I kiss your hand," and did so. Then he repeated the performance for Aunt Maud, and hopped up on a stool between the two women. This manoeuvre, since Dinah was at the end of the bar, left George out in the

cold on the far side of Aunt Maud, but nearest the barman. He ordered the drinks.

As the party wore on he began to feel somewhat at a loss. Here he was, having travelled half-way across Europe to a country where he could not even speak the language, simply in order to see Dinah, and now Count Paul was monopolising her. These foreigners, he thought, are difficult people to cope with. They seem to have brought love-making to a fine art, whereas the average Englishman can only pluck at his collar and mumble Count Paul, he decided, was being too smooth by half, and though George himself didn't think highly of his performance he had a nasty suspicion that Dinah was loving it.

Fortunately they soon moved on to a night club, a romantic sort of place with dim lights and bandmen dressed in comic-opera uniform. Here Count Paul paused for a moment to speak to a friend, and George hastily outmanoeuvred him, and wedged himself into a corner seat next to Dinah. Count Paul, with a tolerant smile, invited Aunt Maud to dance with him.

Thus the romance began. Not even the famous British reserve can stand up for long against the romantic atmosphere of Strelsau. It is not only the wine and the music. There is something one cannot define—a kind of spontaneous gaiety that hangs in the air. You can nearly always hear music in the streets, and the local lads and lassies have no reserve at all about making love in public. In restaurants and night clubs you see them sitting in little niches, embracing fondly while their food gets cold and, just to help the atmosphere, the violinists wander away from their rostrum and play sentimental songs in their faces.

**E**XCEPT for a few patriotic ones, all the songs of that country are sentimental.

A few minutes later they came and played at George and Dinah's table, standing in a semicircle in front of them.

"This is a bit embarrassing," said Dinah. "Couldn't you ask them to go away?"

"I don't know quite what the procedure is," said George. "Does one nod at them, or smile, or tip, or just ignore them?" He tried all four expedients, but they went on playing. He looked helplessly round the room.

"You know," he said at length, "I think if I were to sort of—you know—well, put my arm around you, they'd be satisfied. I think they are trying to make us get friendly."

"But won't we look rather conspicuous?"

"From what I can see of the other citizens," said George, "we look much more conspicuous as we are."

"Well . . . if you insist," said Dinah.

George insisted. In the heady atmosphere of Strelsau their romance flourished. Count Paul ceased to be a serious rival; instead he took a fatherly and slightly embarrassing interest in George and Dinah and moved Aunt Maud out of range as often as he could. He gave the three of them an excellent time. They went everywhere and met everybody.

On the tenth night, Paul introduced them to the Baron Ferdinand von Ekstein and von all the rest of it, the noted duellist. He was a tall, lean man in his thirties, with a rimless, cordless monocle and closely-cropped fair hair. There were two nasty-looking sabre-cuts on his cheeks, the result of previous duels, and he had a pretty little fiancée named Maria. He was a captain in the Strelsau Lancers—you knew he was a soldier at once from the ramrod-like stiffness of his back—and George didn't cotton on to him much.

The trouble started that same evening. The Baron and his girlfriend joined Count Paul's party at a night club. George, suddenly realising that Dinah and her aunt were leaving in three days' time, managed to find a moment to propose to her.

Please turn to Page 40



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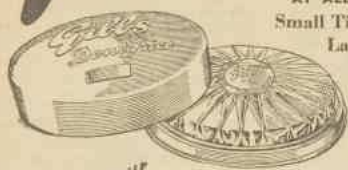


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## There's Something in Love

Continued from Page 3

JOHN KENT was very thoughtful as he stood by his window that night. A fortune-hunting Mrs. Philip Kirk Demarr! That was funny. Very funny. All his well-laid plans threatened, just because his father had fallen for a soft voice and a languorous glance from Louisiana! Those plans were all he'd had to think about since—since that morning last February when Dorothy's letter had come.

Until then he'd been head-in-the-clouds like most of his age. His disillusionment now wasn't a pose. He instinctively mistrusted people, especially female people.

He shut the window, shut out, too, the seductive night-sounds of a great, strange city, sounds that made it easy to forget an old wound.

He didn't want to forget. He wanted to shut himself tightly in the small castle of his new-found wisdom.

He was first at the Corsini Gardens next morning.

He saw Jinny threading her way through the crowd towards him; the sure lines of her profile reminded him of the tall Roman pines.

She smiled frostily, and made a fatuous remark about the weather.

"Yes. Our dear parents have taken advantage of it. They've gone to Frascati."

"Ah, I thought I saw a gleam in his eye, but he didn't tell me."

She shrugged delicately.

"You asked me to come. Well, I'm here. What is it?"

"Fortune-hunting," John Kent said. "Was that a catty phrase, or the truth?"

Jinny Demarr looked faintly surprised. But she answered briefly: "It's true enough. Why?"

"Because, if it's true, I've a rude surprise for you. There's no fortune to be hunted."

Jinny was terse.

"Spill it," she said curtly.

John Kent drewled. He felt more grown-up and man-of-the-world that way.

"Dad," he said, "looks every inch the County, but we're not. Not by any means. Our address sounds grand: James Goodison Kent, Two Elms, Hermitage Lane, Little Mere Green, Surrey. Grand?"

"Well?" she demanded.

"Well? Little Mere Green isn't Merrie England, with a maypole and Ye Olde Blacksmiths on the corner. It's a new London suburb. There's a pub on one corner of Hermitage Lane and a cinema on the other."

He took a deep breath. "And in case you don't know what all that means," he went on, "it spells MIDDLE CLASS in capital letters."

"So James Goodison Kent is phoney?" she said slowly.

"Phoney, my foot. He's as honest as they're made, but he's dazzled, and he doesn't let your mother know what he really is. Well, you can, now."

"Yes, but the Rex Imperial—"

"Dad's been promising himself a Continental holiday for twenty years. He's taking it. That's all there is to it."

"Go on! I could listen to you for hours!"

"You don't have to. I've finished."

"Oh, no, you haven't. You're hiding something."

He looked at her, genuinely bewildered.

"It's sweet, all this noble talk about protecting our romantic parents from making fools of themselves," she went on smoothly, "but there's more to it than that. Your own mother died when you were two. You're not grieving about Helen taking her place. It's something else."

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coffee as they sat in a shabby cafe almost under the shadow of the Pantheon. Jinny's slim white elbows were propped on the table. He found himself staring at her.

"And what are your hidden motives?" he asked.

"Plenty! I'd hate to live in England. Fogs, decadent imperialism, leaving all my friends. All my plans being upset."

"Yes," he said, "I know. Well, let's go."

It was that same story that he recounted, grimly, that night when his father came back.

"She was living apart from her husband for years," he said. "There was some sort of a reconciliation six months back. He, Demarr, took out a big parcel of insurance, and then considerably got himself run over by a bus. Mrs. Demarr drew the lot. That's why she can afford the Rex Imperial. That's where her frocks come from."

"But not her spirit," the elder Kent said.

It was quietly said. Somehow it took the wind out of John's sails, but he went on:

"Husband-bait! She said she was through with considering others. She was going to do well for herself."

He had never realised how much older his father was. How much wiser. He felt a small boy again.

"Been talking to the Voses?" James Kent asked.

"No, I haven't!" The contemptuous tone was quite undeserved by that harmless family from Chicago. Oscar's only crime was that John had seen him more than once with Jinny Demarr.

Mr. Kent patted his son's shoulder.

"I shouldn't worry."

"I'm not worrying." John lit a cigarette. "Look here, Dad; did you know all this?"

"About Mrs. Demarr, you mean? Well, no."

"I suppose you haven't told her about yourself, either? About—"

"The pickles, son? Why not say it? After all, somebody's got to make 'em. No, I haven't. You see, we've had so many other things to talk about. Things you wouldn't understand." James Goodison Kent's eyes twinkled. "You're too old, son."

ANTI-CLIMAX

had John in its grip during the rest of the day. All the afternoon he stalked moodily through the streets. By the time tea was being served at the Rex Imperial he was utterly bored with himself. He'd find some place and go gay. He'd do a theatre. Anything to take his mind away from it all.

He stopped at the reception counter just long enough to bark a question at the clerk, who obligingly recited the names of half a dozen theatres.

"The Kursaal," repeated John. It sounded good enough.

"In the Piazza Manfredi."

"Never mind that. I'll take a taxi. Ring up and book for me, will you?"

"Certainly, sir. Two seats?"

John experienced an odd sensation.

"No, one," he snapped, and hurried to the lift.

He kept his head well down. He didn't want to be seen. He was very hungry, but rather than go into the dining-room and encounter Jinny Demarr's mocking eyes he would go hungry all night.

Not that he did, needless to say. Without waiting to change he left the Rex Imperial and sampled the fare at the Bristol. By this time he was feeling better, and when he claimed his solitary seat at the Kursaal his depression had given way to a mood of reckless gaiety. He was going to enjoy himself.

But he didn't.

Italian comedy differed, it seemed, from English. At intervals, the stage was populated with delectable females, but he eyed them with a jaundiced glance.

Those slim white elbows.

He remembered that he hadn't seen his father since before lunch. Where had he gone? Was he with Helen Demarr? What was she saying to her, and what was she saying to him? John muttered to himself. He squirmed. He'd thrown sand in the works beautifully.

Please turn to Page 10

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# ESCAPE

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By . . .

ETHEL  
VANCE

THE STORY SO FAR:

**M**ARK PREYSING, unknown to his sister SABINA, left America for Europe immediately he received a mysterious note from their mother, EMMY RITTER, saying "I am in trouble here." It had been despatched by an old servant, FRITZ KELLER.

On arrival Mark was confronted with an atmosphere of fear and secrecy. Even Fritz, whom he eventually traced to a village, pretended not to know him, and gave no sign that he heard his urgent request for a meeting place in town.

Mark accidentally met an American-born COUNTESS. She knew he was a son of Emmy Ritter, the one-time famous actress, and that evening when entertaining THE GENERAL she asked him, not mentioning Mark, what had become of her. He told her that Emmy had recently returned, sold a family property, diverted the proceeds to America, and for this treason was awaiting execution.

Emmy, a patient at a prison hospital, knew nothing of her son's arrival. She had gained reprieve from immediate execution by an operation for appendicitis.

The surgeon, DR. DITTEN, had known Emmy by repute since childhood. He promised to make things easy for her, and offered to send a letter to her son after the execution.

Mark met the Countess again and accompanied her to a concert. She told him she knew the purpose of his visit. A man who was in a group farewelling the Countess invited him for a drink.

The host, who was Dr. Ditten, invited Mark to dinner next evening and learnt his identity. He gave Mark his mother's letter and told him of her pending execution. Half mad with grief Mark returned to his rooms, and from Fritz, whom he found awaiting him, he learnt the full story of his mother's trial and that he had gained permission to have her body for burial.

The General, intensely jealous of the Countess, had learned she attended the concert with a man, and questioned her. She replied that he was an American acquaintance she had met unexpectedly, fearful for Mark's safety if she revealed his identity. The General, appearing satisfied, but when departing, aroused the Countess' fears anew by asking: "Your American friend couldn't be that young Ritter boy by any chance?"

Now read on:

**T**HE day after the doctor had talked to Emmy was Sunday. He didn't come that day. "After all," she thought, "it's Sunday; a man must have some rest." But on Monday morning he didn't come either. All the mornings she kept turning her eyes toward the door. At each sound in the hall she was quite still, so as to listen.

"It's a lovely day, Anna," she said. "Can you see what a lovely day it is?"

But Anna was much worse. During the night she had had another hemorrhage, a bad one, and now she lay on her back, her eyes closed, and only once or twice did she speak in a faint whisper. When their noonday soup came, she only turned away her head.

"You'd better eat it," Hermann said. She stood looking down at Anna, then she shrugged and took it away again.

In the middle of the afternoon it



Illustrated by VIRGIL

He stood, looking down at Emmy. "Will you do as I say, or not?"

began to rain again. The narrow room grew so dark Emmy could barely see to the other bed. The sheets and blankets were damp. She was so cold she couldn't even do, as she usually did in the afternoon.

Suddenly Emmy said aloud, "Well, he's gone back on me."

Now that she had said it, it didn't seem so bad, really. There was so short a time before the end that, perhaps, it didn't matter. She knew now how much he had helped her. He alone, of the people who had been with her at the trial and of those in the prison, had been willing to let her feel like a human being.

There was still the end to be gone through. So as to be strong and prepared, she began to go over it all in her mind as it would be.

"I'm asleep," she thought, "I'm dozing, and it's very early, before daybreak. And suddenly I hear voices down the hall and I wake up with fear, certainly with dreadful fear, and the first thing I think is: It's here. Someone will come in and say, 'It's time,' but I'll already have said it to myself. It will be very dark and very cold, and I get up and am dressed. What was I wearing when I came here? The brown suit. So then I put on the brown suit. Hermann helps me put it on, and Anna lies there and watches me with frightened and pitying eyes, not saying anything. And then two people take my arms and I walk. Perhaps the doctor is one of them. He holds my arms and I walk. I walk—how far must I walk?"

"Anyway, there'll be a car waiting. Black leather seats. They'll pull the blinds down. There'll be the damp, musty smell of taxis. No one will speak. The noise of the car starting in the cold, and a smell of gasoline. As it goes out, Anna will hear it. She'll say, 'There she goes; there she goes. Poor Emmy!'"

"I'll feel a little car-sick, so early

in the morning and without breakfast. And cold, of course—horribly cold. Somewhere, at that time, Mark and Sabina will be having breakfast. No, not breakfast. What am I thinking of? There's the difference. In time.

"But maybe Sabina's already in the West. And maybe Mark went with her. Anyway, at some time—perhaps just now—he's saying, 'You know how she hates to write.'"

"But she always does, or she sends tables or telegrams. She's not just silent like this."

**B**UT they probably censor the mails. And sometimes the censors don't mail them; they steal the stamps.

"Do you think anything could have happened?"

"They'll look at each other and be afraid to say it."

"Well, anyway, I'm in the car, I'll know when we reach town, because there will be more cars passing. The horns will blow more often and we'll make steps for the lights. I might see a house I knew; one I had a happy time in once, or just one that was very familiar to me, or perhaps mother's house."

"Then here we are. I get out and take a step or two."

"Then what? I don't know. But I must—I must make it up. I must live it now and die it now, and have it over. But I really don't know how I will feel. It's always the thing you can't imagine that happens. Will the doctor stay with me? Will they put a handkerchief over my eyes? Will it take very long? Oh, what was that other thing I was trying to think of?"

Late in the afternoon Emmy fell asleep, but even in her sleep she was conscious of horror.

She opened her eyes and the doctor stood over her. She could hardly see him because of the staring

light bulbs behind his head. She turned over on her back, trying to see his face against the light. "It must be late," she said. "I'm freezing."

He spoke sharply to Hermann, who waited in the door, "You will get a hot-water bottle," he said, "and have it good and hot, too. And an extra blanket. Two extra blankets."

"But, doctor—"

"You do as I say," he said. "If this woman dies, do you know what I'll do? I'll say you let her die on purpose. To escape execution. I'll tell them how friendly you've always been."

"Friendly!"

"Yes. Always giving her little attentions."

"But, doctor, it's you—"

"I heard a phonograph in the canteen as I came by! His voice was high and angry. 'Where do you get a thing like that? Who gives you so much money? Is it Madame Ritter? I think you've been accepting bribes!'"

"Thou dear God!" Hermann exclaimed and went out.

Against the light, the doctor's hair was tousled and little drops of water shone on it.

"You've been in the rain," she said. "Did you walk here?"

"Not here. But I've been walking. I suppose in the rain."

"You didn't come this morning, or yesterday either."

"I had other things to do. I have to have some time to myself, don't I?"

"What's the matter, to-day?" she said.

"Why should anything be the matter?"

"Your voice has changed. You sound nervous and excited. You're always so calm."

"No, I'm all right. And how are you? That cretin would let you die of pneumonia."

"I'm all right, too, I suppose. But I'm cold. You try so hard to save me, don't you? You've been good. I was thinking, before I went to

sleep, how good you've been. You have saved me in a way, too. You've helped me to die intact."

"Don't let's talk about it," he said. "There's no use talking about it now."

He sat down on the edge of the bed. His hands fell rigidly to his sides. She could feel the tension of his body along the bed. It's hard on him, too, she thought; a decent fellow; really a romantic fellow.

"Anna's much worse," she said. "She had a hemorrhage last night."

"I know. I looked at her before you woke up."

**I** THOUGHT she was going to die last night."

"She won't live long," he said.

"How long?"

"Maybe only a few hours."

"Poor Anna!" She looked at her and felt ready to cry. But it didn't matter about Anna either. Everything comes to it in the end. "I want you to know," she said, "that I don't really mind it now. Hardly at all. I feel as though it had already happened."

He watched her intently, as a physician watches, but also as the young man who had kept her faded photograph. He leaned closer and took her wrist.

She went on dreamily, but his whole attention was on her pulse, and he seemed to be listening to it as though it spoke for her.

"Evil and death are too easy to explain. But there's still something left to explain. Something small and maybe not important. Why is Anna so gentle and patient and unhatred? Why are you so kind to her here? Those are the things I can't explain. And you can't either."

"Don't always keep trying to explain," he said roughly, letting her wrist fall. "It can't matter to you any more."

"Well," she said with a faint smile, "it matters for about thirty-six hours."

Suddenly he went to his black bag, bent over it and stood looking into it. His back was turned to her and for a long time he stood absolutely immobile.

Suddenly he made his decision, snatched up his bag and turned around. He came back to her bed, and she was startled by the change in him. His eyes were shining with a bold, wild elation.

Please turn to Page 44





### "He Cut His Teeth

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## There's Something in Love

Continued from Page 8

A GAWKY woman on the stage was singing an apparently endless patter-song. The audience was rocking. John began to talk to himself. Hang it all, he was decent. Or was he? The Old Man had been good to him. He wasn't the usual sort of father, cramping a chap's style. The house in Hermitage Lane had always been open for any friends he had. They'd been good pals, played golf together, slipped up to Town now and then for dinner and a show. The Old Man was good, through and through. He didn't want to see him snuffed by any scheming female with an eye on his money or his name.

Yes, that was all very well, but it wouldn't do. There was a spot of jealousy in it, too. Jealousy because the Old Man was doing something out of the ordinary. Jealousy because these past few days the Old Man had been finding the sort of happiness that once he, John, had had with Dorothy and lost.

Pull of self-disgust, he got up abruptly to go for a drink. He felt he needed one. And then he stood and stared, for across the aisle was Jinny Demarr. And who should be with her but that bounder, Oscar Voss. Hair slicked back, lips thin and efficient, teeth flashing like a dental advertisement. A real Yankee smart guy.

Jinny saw him, and smiled. That

did it. He walked firmly up the aisle, and didn't come back.

What did it matter whom Jinny was with? Did he care two hoots for Jinny? Not he! All that mattered was that Dorothy was getting married next month. He tried to bring Dorothy's picture into his mind. Instead, a clear, vital profile was all he could conjure up—Jinny's profile.

He wandered back through the streets to the Rex Imperial. He tapped on his father's door, but there was no answer. Disgustedly he let himself into his own room and went to bed.

First thing in the morning he walked again to the adjoining door and tapped. And again there was no response.

There were not more than a dozen people taking breakfast. Jinny Demarr was one of them. He nodded curiously and walked past her to his own table. His eyes stole to the Demarr table. Funny that Jinny's mother shouldn't be there, either.

At last he brought himself to ask the waiter.

"Mr. Kent sir? Oh, yes, he had breakfast half an hour ago."

John swallowed his coffee and hurried to the foyer. The reception clerk explained matters in excellent English.

"Mr. Kent was asking if tickets to London could be used before their usual return-date, sir, I referred him to the State Railways Department. It is only five minutes' walk from here, if you care to follow him. Or shall I ring through for you, sir?"

"No, don't bother," John was walking away. So his father was going back to London. That meant one thing, plain as the nose on your face. He was fed up. The affair with Helen Demarr was finished.

He turned into the reading-room and stared at the magazines. Through the open door he could see the whole depth of the foyer. Better keep a lookout for his father and find out what was going to happen. Question was, would they go back together? He supposed so. No doubt the Demarrs would continue with their schedule now. There would be a general parting of the ways.

Not only could he see the foyer, but the dining-room as well, and Jinny Demarr. She was sitting there alone, drinking her coffee. She lit a cigarette, then crushed it out. She was off her guard, so to speak.

He glanced at his watch. Half-past nine! Jinny Demarr wouldn't sit there for ever. Soon his father would be back, and then things would happen.

If only he could trust her! He dropped the magazine he was holding. He crossed the foyer and marched into the opposite room.

"Jinny," he said, "I want to talk to you."

She stopped crumbling bread and turned to stare at him.

"Well, I got a real thrill out of that!" she mocked.

HE put his palms on the table. "You were with Voss last night."

"And you were ogling a team of prancing females. What of it?"

They watched each other warily.

"Let's get outside where these staring waiters can't see us," he said, almost dragging her along the foyer and behind a convenient bank of palms.

"What's the idea?" she asked curiously.

"I'm just waking up. What's happening?"

"Mother's packing."

"So you told her?"

"I did. Pickles and all."

"And now you're moving on! Well, we've done it. How do you feel about it?"

"Small," she said. "But not so small as you ought to feel."

"Oh! He fumbled for cigarettes."

"I say, look here, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. We've been acting like a couple of spoilt kids. We both talked a lot of hot air yesterday, but I'd more reason than you." She looked older, and wiser with the sort of wisdom that burnt fingers bring.

"I worship Helen," she said. "I've watched my father crush her and hurt her for years. Since he died she's come alive again. That's why I didn't want her to be hurt a second time."

"That's how I felt about my father."

"Oh, no, you didn't! That's what you said, but it's not true. You were jealous because he was getting something out of life you couldn't. Sour grapes! You, smarting because some woman gave you the run-around. Posing as a disillusioned bachelor. Kidding yourself there's no such thing as love and loyalty."

Her voice trailed away. She wasn't sophisticated now. "I know I've been smart. Like all our set. Laughing at things we didn't understand, pretending we didn't care. But right down I knew there was something real underneath, and some day I'd find it. I've never been like you. Never believed everything was rotten just because one person hadn't played straight."

John tried to find words to contradict her, but he was suddenly speechless, and they stared at each other, angrily, resentfully. And then Jinny looked over John's shoulder, and saw her mother standing there, and James Goodison Kent by her side. John turned slowly and met his father's eyes.

"Hallo, Dad," he muttered.

"Hallo, youngsters." He was gripping Helen Demarr's hand. "I've been looking for you. There isn't much time. You see, we're leaving for London soon after lunch."

"We?" said Jinny.

"Your mother and I. We're going to be married—by special licence."

### Speech is silver

Dear One, at times we argue till our hearts are stirred.

And hurt a little with a sweet distress

That two who love so well should disagree.

One day a week I think I shall command

That we forget the things we've read and heard

And, meeting, his and wander hand in hand

And never say a word!

—Yvonne Webb.

He smiled at John. "Thanks, son." John looked his question. He couldn't ask it.

"For letting us know the truth about ourselves. If it hadn't been for you and Jinny I might never have thought I'd stand a chance with a rich American lady who could bring her daughter to Europe and stay at the Rex Imperial."

"And I'm quite sure," smiled Helen, "that I'd never have let myself fall in love with a wealthy English gentleman."

"But you realistic young people have shown us that we're two quite ordinary people," John's father went on. "Thanks, son."

"Your father is coming up to help me finish packing, John," said Helen. "Perhaps you and Jinny had better come up to us when you've talked things over." She smiled radiantly.

John watched their retreating backs.

"Look at them," he murmured in awe. "Walking up the stairs as if they're climbing straight to heaven."

"After this," Jinny said, "I'll believe in fairies. They're past the age of illusions, and yet—"

"They've got something we haven't got."

"But something we could have," she almost whispered.

"Genevieve Demarr," John said, "write me down a hypocrite and a humbug. I've known I loved you ever since last Friday week."

"The day we came!"

"I've been staring at you over menu cards. Watching you like a jealous schoolboy."

"And I watched you ogling those girls—"

"I wasn't!"

"Looking at them, then! Even that was enough to make me want to kill them, and you."

"Jinny! He shouted her name."

"Hush! Let's go up and tell them."

And they took a lift to heaven.

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### Persil's gentle oxygen-charged suds mean —

# PERSIL WASHES WHITER

COLOURS BLOSSOM ANEW - WOOLLENS STAY FLEECY, FLUFFY, WARM

HOW A CHANCE INCIDENT LED TO EASIER WASHDAYS

SHE THOUGHT HER UNIFORM WAS WHITE — till she borrowed Joan's apron at the canteen...



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Some day or other you'll come to Persil — and then you'll never go back to anything else, for any section of the wash.



FOR EVERYTHING YOU WASH

### GOOD-BYE TO RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, & GOUT



I have a simple but WONDERFUL PRODUCT for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, and "acid" complaints. Not a drug, nor medicine, but a tropical plant called **HELVIA**. A beverage is made of the tiny lent, which you steep and drink like ordinary "tea." No trouble of pills, and make it in your own home. The **HELVIA** IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day. Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit, and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant. Drink a cupful of **HELVIA** each morning and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poisons and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

10,000 FREE SAMPLES

Just send me your name and address, stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss, also 2d. in stamps, for postage, etc., and I will post you free of charge a trial package. If you feel that you are getting benefit, I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. I do not send patent medicines, but can say, from my own personal experience, that the product now offered is most effective for Rheumatism and allied complaints, and what it has done for others after years of suffering it will do for you, if you will give it a fair trial. Address: Mr. J. C. CAMPBELL (Depo. 12), 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.



# Gottings of the Week

## by Miss Midnight



### The best way . . .

**MOST** stirring scene of the week. I see through open doors of Town Hall crowd stand in breathless silence while orchestra plays our National Anthem, then the Marseillaise.

Consul-General Tremoulet among them. And numbers of French community come to concert to help raise funds for their countrymen through French-Australian Red Cross.

Beforehand foyer like gay flower market with lovely boutonniere and programme sellers.

"It's the best way to raise war funds," says an onlooker. "Does me good to see happy young faces."

Lead for appropriate color combination given by gracious Lady Gowrie, who covers white chiffon with red velvet. Rose-pink satin taffeta chosen by Lady Wakehurst with matching circular cape.

Admire flower-seller Sandra Jaques' crimson velvet gown with bow in hair to match; Elizabeth Rabbett in gown of white moire taffeta, full skirt and tailored jacket bodice; and Mrs. Neil Ackland's original gown of red-and-white striped marquisette with matching peasant kerchief swung across as minute shawl.

### Students salute . . .

**TUMULTUOUS** applause from audience greets A.I.F. men graduating on two Saturdays past in Varsity Great Hall. Instead of usual sweep of trencher and bow to Governor and Chancellor, they salute with military precision.

Sharing applause is Hilary Ford, who's this year's only woman graduate in Law. Margaret Makinson, down from Coff's Harbor and staying with Hilary, tells me she feels she's earned her Arts degree. Thought she had it last year, only to discover she'd done subjects in wrong order and so was barred from wearing little ermine-edged hood till things were righted.

### Economists at play . . .

**SUCH** an intellectual party at Romano's, Saturday night. But brains it seems can go with gaiety, even in these depressing times. Three women Economics graduates get together to celebrate having received their degrees in morning.

Joy McConnell with husband Hugh, who's a year behind his wife and hopes to graduate next year; Billy Tyrer with fiancé and Varsity athlete Jack Metcalfe; and Ruth Rutter dancing with Roger Enmark.

### Breathing space . . .

**VINCENT GOLDEN** tells me wearily he's been immersed in affairs of Dental Undergraduates for past three weeks. Emerges to let me know plans for ball at David Jones' this Thursday proceeding nicely. Nine hundred at last year's rather a hard record to equal, but they're doing their best. It's all for good cause, too, or at least two causes: the Voluntary Dental Association for A.I.F. in camps and the Dental Auxiliary.

### Seen around town . . .

**PATRICIA HUGHES'** set of earrings, bracelet and job set in multi-color stones.

Dusty-pink wool coat worn by Joan McDermott, knitted to resemble Persian lamb.

### Efficiency plus . . .

**CROWN** for efficiency among all war workers certainly goes to Lady Wakehurst. When huge meeting of women gathers at Government House to discuss formation of W.A.N.S. they find there's not much of preliminary worrying left for them to do. With help of honorary organisers Mrs. Crawford Vaughan and Mrs. A. C. Godhard, Lady Wakehurst has drafted it all out in the most perfect detail.

Able assistant at meeting is Lady W.'s secretary, Joan Tyler, with predecessor Mrs. Phil Ashton dashing about fulfilling some of her old duties honorarily.

Great whisperings are heard when Lady Wakehurst asks her audience to fill in forms suggesting whom they think most suitable people for key posts in organisation.

I hear that among the favored were Mrs. Crawford Vaughan, our best woman orator, Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, airwoman Nancy Bird (Mrs. Charles Walton), and Mrs. Toby Browne and Lorna Byrne, both valuable for organisation of a Land Army.

Later in week Federal Government's official approval given, so W.A.N.S. adds another record to its short life by organising Women's Win the War Rally in less than week—to be held this Tuesday night.

### No tears shed . . .

**COMMISERATE** with Mrs. Jock Slater because the rain has spoilt her tennis tournament. Then discover sympathy's really wasted. It's all to the good, because guests come for cards on the original day of tournament and will appear again for tennis on July 10. So the Naval War Auxiliary benefits by two parties instead of one.

Setting for both is Burwood home of Dr. and Mrs. Eric Traill, where Mrs. Slater's a guest while husband Jock is off with his ship. Among those I find seated at card tables are Mrs. Rex Wood, Mrs. Charles Middleton, Mrs. R. Vallack, Mrs. Douglas Lee, and Jean Herriott.

### Old boys in uniform . . .

**GRAND** gesture by Riverview O.B.U. Invite all ex-students who have joined the fighting services to come to annual dance on July 4 at Wentworth as guests of Union.

Secretary Max Marshall undertakes task of entertaining as many as come in one party, assisted by Marie Brennan.

Some he expects are Sergeant John Norris, Privates Brian Meagher, Desmond Hughes, Flight-Lieutenant Winston Scott, and Air-Cadet Brian Fitzgerald.

As the dance is on American Independence Day they also invite Consul-General for America (A. M. Doyle) and French-born wife to be official guests, in party entertained by president Alan Bridge and fiancée Eleanore Dalton.

Crowd of A.I.F. old boys dance, too, at Scots College Ball on Friday night held for War Comforts Fund.

Some I glimpse are Captain E. J. Crick, Corporal J. Bray, Captain J. Deane-Butcher, and Sergeant E. Baker.

The Bruce Hodgsons preside at official party.



• "WELCOME SOLDIER!" say Mr. and Mrs. Graham Robertson to Peter Playfair, who arrives for their wedding reception at Rose's. Bride was Dorothy Scott McLeod.



• A TICKET TO SEE "French Without Tears," in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital, bought by doctor's wife Mrs. Rex Money.



• MILITARY WEDDING. Lieutenant-Colonel Royce Shannon and his bride, Beth Bicknell, leave St Mark's.



• . . . AND EXACTLY twenty-four hours later, Diana Robinson, bridesmaid, leaves St. Stephen's after marriage of Beth's cousin, Sep. Osborne, with Jessie McMaster.



• SALESMANSHIP TECHNIQUE demonstrated by pretty Roslyn Dangar, flower-seller at French Red Cross concert.



• FELLOW OFFICER Lieutenant R. L. Williams, best man, and bride's sister, Lesley Pope, bridesmaid, at wedding of Lieutenant David Wells, R.A.N., and Moira Pope.



• FOR KINDERGARTEN UNION. Mrs. Herbert Douglas and Mrs. Lynn Vickery attend Jack and Jill Ball at Prince's. Congratulations to Mrs. Vickery on birth of daughter two and a half weeks ago.



• "OUR HORSE!" Mrs. H. D. O'Connell and Joan Herman smile as the number goes up at Randwick. Joan's engagement to Harry Wright announced during week.



# An Editorial

JUNE 29, 1940

## ALL EYES ON ROOSEVELT



IN the dark days through which the Democracies are passing, President Roosevelt has given us a shining example of inspired leadership—the sort of leadership which comes to Democracy in its hour of greatest need.

Roosevelt has had a stern fight to win Americans over to his viewpoint that the Western Front was really an American frontier.

*It wasn't that the Americans were not overwhelmingly pro-Ally, but they detested war and did not want to be embroiled in European turmoil.*

But risking unpopularity and political defeat, the President put them right.

Roosevelt probably understood Hitler better than any other leader of the Democracies.

He sensed years ago that Hitler was drunk with the dream of world domination.

Day in and day out he warned his people of this and pointed the attitude the United States should take up.

At first he was not listened to, but events have proved the President so accurate in his forecasts that to-day his leadership is unchallenged.

Roosevelt to-day speaks for the great American Republic.

*When he says he will send us countless planes to win the mastery of the air every American agrees with him.*

When he says we shall have guns and ships and essential supplies every American realises that the United States is marching shoulder to shoulder with Great Britain in the most gigantic effort the free peoples have been called upon to make.

Character is the keynote of Roosevelt's success. His long fight against illness has given him an unconquerable will to win.

To-day, as Democracy's man of destiny, he is turning all that indomitable courage to the task that confronts Great Britain and America.

—THE EDITOR.

# "No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

## Perseverance

HOW'S this for perseverance?

A young man who has limped ever since he had infantile paralysis in his youth could not get work in Melbourne, so he walked to Albury and got a job as a shearer's cook.

When war came he tried to enlist, but was rejected. Because of his limp he was rejected thirteen times, but still he came back again. He was accepted the fourteenth try and is now well in the Army.

## Fine example

QUEEN MARY sets a fine example to other women, writes an Australian woman journalist in England.

Queen Mary, who recently celebrated her 73rd birthday, quietly pursues her self-imposed duties.

"She has been living in the west of England since the war began, and visits sectional headquarters of women's war forces, carries out inspections, and attends local demonstrations on wartime food preparation.

"She even finds time for her favorite hobby, visiting antique shops. During her weekly visit to London recently to see the King and Queen she inspected some of the jewels, manuscripts and other treasures which have been given for the big Red Cross sale at Christie's this month.

"Incidentally, if the old-fashioned hats worn by the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service are altered, its members can thank Queen Mary. Both she and the King think them very unbecoming and hope they will be changed."

## More Polish music

ALL of us remember vividly the call sign of the Warsaw radio in the early days of the war—the opening bars of Chopin's *Polonaise Militaire*, which signified "the city has not yet fallen."

Now the opening phrases of another famous Polish composition can be heard, this time from the B.B.C.

The first twelve notes of the "Rota," a famous patriotic song of Poland, identify Radio Polskie, the legal broadcasting organisation of Poland, which gives a session sponsored by the Polish Government twice weekly in addition to daily news bulletins in Polish.

The "Rota" is a soldiers' song composed in the nineteenth century during the period of Prussian oppression.

## Initial success

STAFF nurses Nona Johnston, Beatrice Kelly and Vivian Ley, writing from overseas, where they are on active service with the Second Australian General Hospital, count themselves lucky in all being together.

They have been pals for years, joined up together, and actually shared a three-berth cabin on the trip over.

They thought this was just a co-

## Winnie the war winner



"But couldn't you use her for minesweepers?"

incidence till they discovered that the berths were allotted in alphabetical order, and as their initials were J, K and L they were naturally put together.

## Pass it on!

THERE is an unusually interesting history attached to a khaki knitted scarf which was handed to the Comforts Fund depot at Adelaide. During the last war Private Uphill, of South Australia, was sent a khaki moss-stitch scarf.

He wore it constantly, and on his arrival home presented it to his mother. She, too, has used it constantly since that time.

It is still in perfect condition, so Mrs. Uphill has presented it to the Comforts Fund, to keep yet another Digger warm.

# Sea of world's destiny—the Mediterranean

OPPOSING armies and navies are once more fighting for control of the Mediterranean, where succeeding empires have risen and fallen for more than 10,000 years.

Since the first Babylonian empire founded by the earliest non-nomadic race, the Sumerians, in the valley of the Euphrates, the Semite, Chaldean, Egyptian, Phoenician, Syrian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman and Ottoman empires have come and gone.

More than 15,000 years ago the Mediterranean was a huge sunlit valley, nearly 11 million square miles in area.

At its east end was a lake fed by the fresh waters of the Nile and rivers that came from what are now the Red Sea and Aegean Sea.

When the waters of the Atlantic encroached on the valley the land was gradually submerged driving the nomad tribes on to higher land and on to the Aegean Islands that were formerly mountain tops.

The lands around the Mediterranean were the cradle of Western civilisation.

Jesus of Nazareth, his teachings and the journeys of his disciples to countries round the Mediterranean brought Christianity to the world 2000 years ago.

Succeeding empires round its shores have left us a heritage of archaeological treasures, and the basis of our laws, our religions, our agriculture, art, literature, architecture, medicine, navigation, and even cosmetics.

Archaeologists have discovered that in Crete, where a highly-civilised population dwelt in peace for more than a thousand years more than 5000 years ago, women wore corsets and frilly Victorian dresses.

More than 2000 years ago during the rule of Alexander the Great, Hero devised the first steam engine.

## Primitive voyagers

FOUR thousand years ago the Phoenicians launched their primitive oared ships on the first of the world's great voyages of exploration.

From Carthage they sailed right round Africa, returning through the Red Sea, which in those days opened into the Mediterranean without the man-made aid of the Suez Canal.

The voyage took three years and each season the voyagers went ashore and planted and reaped a crop of corn.

Names whose greatness has survived thousands of years crowd the pages of the Mediterranean's history.

Sargon I, ruler of the Semites who conquered the Sumerians, the Egyptian Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, King Solomon, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, the Queen of Sheba, Xerxes, Hercules, Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, the Caesars, Mahomet, Charlemagne, the Crusaders, Haroun al Raschid, the Popes, Christopher Columbus, Napoleon, Garibaldi, Pelsai, Kitchener, Roberts, Lawrence, Kemal Pasha, are only a few of them.

Hundreds of British knights sailed across its blue waters in the wars of the Crusades, the stout sailing ships of the British Navy sailed in again with the battle of Trafalgar and the taking of Gibraltar in 1704.

The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 chopped off 3700 miles of the sea road between Britain and her possessions in the East.

The fall of the Ottoman empire freed Egypt and created new small states.

The discovery of oil in the Caucasus added to its importance as a sea route.

Mussolini's imperial aspirations increased the number of guns bristling round the rocky strongholds of British Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus, Egyptian Alexandria, and French Oran, Algiers and Bizerte.

Now, with the most violent war the world has ever known, raging in a zone stretching from the North Sea to the Indian Ocean, the A.I.F.—army of the world's youngest nation—marches on the soil that was cultivated by the world's oldest civilisation.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP







## Epics of the great outback

... by an Epicure

Hair-raising confessions of a Native Companion

People who think that there are no more thrills to be had in our great open spaces have not heard anything. Why, only the other day a man was attacked by a six-foot kangaroo in the bush near Corinda, and fought with it for ten minutes.

I have had similar experiences with wombats. Not dingbats—wombats!

WHILE camped on the edge of a small nullah-nullah or waterhole I was startled by a loud roar.

With true bushman's instinct I fell into the waterhole, and, on looking around, observed a huge

wombat devouring one of my dogs. From tip to tip, its antlers were about eight feet across.

My rifle was on the bank, and I had broken my sheath-knife off at the hilt trying to cut a damper I had made.

I knew I was safe so long as I

By  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

stayed up to my neck in the water. Unfortunately I had not foreseen the cunning of this wombat.

Stamping its feet with rage, it approached the edge of the waterhole and commenced to drink. Rapidly the water level went down from my neck to my armpits, then down to my waist.

Every now and then it would pause and glare at me with its little red eyes. This gave me an idea. Next time it glared at me I glared back at it. This seemed to disconcert the beast and it looked away and hiccupped.

It resumed drinking after a while, but without any great enthusiasm. The water was down to my ankles, when the wombat gave me one last pitiful, frustrated look and rolled over on its side—full.

I splashed towards it. "Come on now," I said, shaking it by the antlers. "Pull yourself together. I'll get you a taxi. Where do you live?" (This, of course, was sheer force of habit.)

"Brr-hup! Groo," he answered. "Don't give in to it," I said. "Do you think you can walk? Lean against me. That's the way."

Well, it was just the sort of thing you'd do for anybody, but you wouldn't believe how grateful that wombat was when next I met it.

### Goanna interlude

OF course, things don't always work out that way.

I could never get on with goannas—or iguanas, as you city folk say. They have a nasty habit of turning up at the wrong time. This would not be so bad if it were not for their penchant for climbing up trees.

I recall the time when I was leaning against a gum-tree talking to the squatter's daughter.

We were getting along famously, and I had even got to the point of shyly asking her what she thought of the price of fat lambs at the saleyards.

I could see the faint glow in her cheeks, her dewy, downcast eyes and tremulous lips as she replied: "You really want to know? You are not one of those—those men who— Oh, you wouldn't understand."

It was then that the goanna missed his footing and fell down the back of my shirt.

If I had been wearing a belt all might have been well, but as I was wearing braces the thing went right down my left trouser-leg.

Its beady eyes looked out from just above my left boot and its tail waved frantically about the back of my neck.

"Are you in the habit of indulging in this horse-play?" she asked in icy tones.

All the spirit of her ancestors—both of them—were in that steely glance.

I tried to explain, "You see," I said, "I'm wearing braces—"

"I see," she said haughtily. "You usually keep your trousers up by sheer will-power, I suppose?"

I wanted to tell her that if I had been wearing a belt the goanna couldn't have gone all the way down. But she spurned me.

She wheeled her horse with a look of utter loathing and gave it a slash

Music hath charms...! L. W. Lower, lost in the desert without food or drink, played his banjo with the result pictured by Wep. The experience, however, is one Mr. Lower refuses to discuss.

with the whip. Surprised and indignant, the horse leapt in the air and the squatter's daughter landed on a hard portion of one of her father's many acres of grazing property.

"Serves you right," I said. Chivalry did not permit me to laugh out loud, so I contented myself with a quiet smile.

"Are you in the habit of indulging in this horse-play?" I drawled. Then we walked away—me and the goanna.

But for that goanna I might now have been a squatter's son-in-law, pushing sheep about the place and picking the flies out of my ears, with a trip to the city once a year when the Show was on.

No, one doesn't have to go abroad for thrills. In one day on an outback station I was—

- (a) Kicked by a horse.
- (b) Chased by a bull.
- (c) Savaged by a dog.
- (d) Lacerated on a barbed-wire fence.

(e) In some mysterious fashion put the lighting plant out of action.

You can't tell me anything about bush life. I am fully qualified to put an advertisement in the "Positions Wanted" column containing the words, "Do anything. Go anywhere."

Address all communications to Lantana W. (Wallaby) Lower. I'm equally good as a horse-breaker, tutor, or native companion.

## What is the secret of Her Youth & Charm

The years rest on her shoulders but lightly, for though growing older she refuses to age. How has she retained that beautiful skin, slim figure, and the firm step of youth?

She keeps in tune by the simplest of methods. Each night she takes Bile Beans to ensure perfect digestion and daily elimination of impurities in the blood, and all fat-forming residue.

You, likewise, can preserve your youthful appearance, and enjoy perfect health by taking Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.



"Bile Beans are ideal for keeping one healthy, youthful and slim. Although I'm forty I neither look nor feel a day more than thirty. I keep ever so fit and I'm just as fresh after a hard day's work as I am first thing in the morning."—Mrs. E. Morris.

"Since taking Bile Beans friends tell me that I look more like a woman in the early twenties—I feel it too. Nightly Bile Beans not only keep my figure slim and youthful, but make me feel wonderfully healthy and full of vitality all day long."—Mrs. L. Heath.

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Make You Look and Feel Years Younger

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**THE UGLY DUCHESS OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND WAS IN REAL LIFE THE DUCHESS MARGARET OF CORINTHIA AND TYROL. HER LIKENESS WAS COPIED FOR THE BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS. SHE WAS SO SENSITIVE ABOUT HER UGLINESS THAT SHE WOULD NOT HAVE AN ATTRACTIVE HUMAN AT HER COURT!**

**DENTAL TROUBLE CAN LEAD TO FAILURE AT EXAMS!**

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**AUTHORITIES STATE THAT 87,000 CHILDREN FAILED AT EXAMS LAST YEAR BECAUSE OF BAD TEETH. KEEP THEM AT HOME FROM SCHOOL. KEEP YOUR CHILDREN'S TEETH FREE FROM DENTAL DECAY WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS CLEANS SURGICALLY RIGHT DOWN TO THE ENAMEL. TEETH SHINE STRONG.**

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**END "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND YOU END DENTAL DECAY.**

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**L**EG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 15512, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the instructive Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

"I'm not much of a farmer, I'm afraid."

"It isn't hard. I'd be glad to help you any way I could."

"Why, that's nice of you, Camilla. But I don't know whether I'll run the place another year. I'll have to talk with Chet."

"Why? What's he got to do with it?"

"He's kind of advising me—about selling it, you know."

"Oh." She broke off in a way that made him feel that she had started to say something else and changed the subject. "Listen! There's a mocking-bird."

It was a moment before he identified it, a clear warm thrill of melody from the dark magnolias. It surprised him a little that he hadn't noticed it before. He said, "I didn't know they sang at night."

"You didn't? Why, the trees around your house are full of them."

"Funny—I never noticed."

"Oh, you've been too busy to listen," she told him, and as she spoke Don had the unhappy feeling that she had quietly withdrawn herself again. He found himself wondering about that as he drove home with David and Evalina curled up like a couple of sleepy puppies on the seat beside him.

Getting a man proved to be a more serious job than he expected.

"You aren't going to get another Miles," Camilla warned him when she had passed on a dozen applicants. "The Morgans used to own that place, you know, and Miles was brought up on it. Still, if you just want a man—"

"I'll look along a little, I guess," he decided. "Doesn't pay to be in a hurry about picking a man."

## Room for a Home

Continued from Page 4

"It doesn't pay to be too much in a hurry about anything to do with farming," was her answer to that.

Meanwhile, he was handling his own cotton picking. It kept him out of the Autumn Golf Tournament, but he was saving a foreman's wages, and that loomed larger each evening as he weighed in the bags with a mounting dismay that shortly became something like panic. Miles had prepared him for poor cotton, but not for a washout like this!

Curiously, almost as much as the loss, he hated the idea of Camilla knowing. He told himself that he had never wanted to farm, never pretended to be a farmer, but the knowledge that the Bannockburn cotton was winning a bale to the acre stung his pride. Still she had to know—

He found her at the stables, hot and breathless, clinging to the hind leg of a nervous colt, its head held by an apprehensive darky boy.

"Scratches!" she exclaimed pantingly. "Steady you! Hand me that iodine swab, will you? . . . Thanks!"

She clamped her elbow over the colt's hock, wrestled an instant, and swung the leg over her capable thigh. "There!" She swabbed vigorously between plunges. "Cotton all in?"

"What there is of it."

"Well, you can't expect to cheat your soil. . . . Hold still, you!"

He grinned wryly. "Go on, triumph. That's what I'm here for."

With a final flick, she set the hoof on the ground. "Take him in, Sam. And after this, you keep those pasterns clean—you hear me?"

She turned, holding her fingers apart

and away from her clothes. "I'm not triumphing," she told him. "Do you think it's any pleasure to see a fine place pulled down to nothing? You've taken a quarter of the value off it since you've had it."

He still grinned, but it was an effort. "I don't claim to be a farmer, you know."

"Well, for heaven's sake, what do you claim to be then?"

"I just bought it as a speculation. To sell it."

She shrugged. "Well, you'd better sell it then."

"Get out of the way and let somebody farm who can, huh?"

"Well—since you put it that way—"

He thought of something unpleasant to say, hesitated, didn't say it. Instead, "My lord, Camilla, what's got into you to-day?"

**S**HE hesitated. "See here! It's none of my business, but does this cut into you much?"

He frowned. Then, meeting her directness, "Pretty badly," he admitted. "I don't know about running the place another year."

"I've been thinking. If you'd handle it yourself this winter, you'd save a foreman's wages. And there really isn't much to do before planting time. I'd be glad to help. Anything I can, of course."

He considered a moment.

"It's an idea," he agreed guardedly. "Anyhow, it's good of you, Camilla. Maybe I'll hang on a little and see what happens."

Hanging on, he discovered as the days went by, meant giving up a lot of time. Still, he could manage an afternoon or two of golf a week, usually with some kind of a party afterwards—enough to keep in touch.

But parties are apt to pall when a man is up at six, and somehow, with his mind full of the thousand details of running the place they lost zest. Almost insensibly, he began to cut his trips to Greendale.

Then, too, more often than not, when he left for town after lunch, there would be something he wanted to ask Camilla about. Having stopped at Bannockburn, it was likely that the middle of the afternoon would find him still there, helping school a horse or doing something else too interesting to leave for the moment. It ended by their getting in an hour's shooting and his staying to dinner.

In the evening they would sit and

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



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**WEDNESDAY, June 26.** — The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

**THURSDAY, June 27.** — June Marsden—Astrology for Boys and Girls. Special Children's Playlets.

**FRIDAY, June 28.** — The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

**SATURDAY, June 29.** — Rhapsodies in Rhythm.

**SUNDAY, June 30.** — Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. Interpreting Horoscopes of World Personalities.

**MONDAY, July 1.** — The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

**TUESDAY, July 2.** — June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

discuss the farm, Don proud whenever he could show some cost—he had been able to eliminate or reduce; Camilla guardedly encouraging.

Yet the whole thing remained a problem, a problem as far from a solution as ever. He had been over the figures with Camilla, until he could quote them wearily in his sleep.

To plant another crop he would have to go further into his capital. And with the condition of the soil it would be at least two years before the place would carry itself.

He ought to let it go. And yet—he was beginning to hate the idea of letting the fields Miles had tended grow up in broom grass—another abandoned farm. It seemed such a forlorn sort of waste.

Then, on a day of warm sun and high, white clouds, he drove over to find Camilla, hands in her pockets, hat tipped forward against the glare, watching the cutting of her ploughs through the sandy loam.

She greeted him with a nod. "Hello! Started breaking yet?"

He said: "I can't seem to make up my mind."

Please turn to Page 16

# Never before!

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See these glamorous Satin Berleis at your favourite store, and you'll realise their amazing value! Examine their stylish cut, the excellence of the materials, the careful finish. You'll appreciate, too, fine details, such as flat, smooth-grip suspenders, concealed boning, panels of high-quality elastic. Here is the luxury of satin at the keenest prices—value too good to miss!

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## ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

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**H**OW many thousands of women say to themselves during the day, "Oh, my poor feet!" Hours of standing and walking—cleaning, cooking and other household duties—shopping or out at business, are responsible for tired, aching feet and swollen ankles. Therefore, be sure your hard-worked feet have regular care.

First, bathe them every night in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

**Pain, Swelling & Inflammation** are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, chilblains are healed, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in perfect comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores.



"Housework made my feet very tender. I also had corns and callouses. Zam-Buk so relieved and strengthened my feet they are now in splendid condition all the time." Mrs. M. Burroughs.

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**Use ZAM-BUK Regularly**



## MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Why go to all that trouble? If you want to keep your youth don't introduce him to anyone."

## Some NEW LAUGHS



GUIDE: This, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest waterfall in the Alps. May I ask the ladies to cease talking for a little so that we may hear the roar of the waters?



HE: My wife's back is troubling her again.  
SHE: Lumbago?  
HE: No. She wants another fur coat.



EXASPERATED WOMAN GOLFER: Boy, I thought you came out with me to look for the balls?  
BOY: Lady, we've both been had. I thought you came out to play golf.

## WOMEN ARE WANTED

To take positions as  
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**PRIVATE SECRETARIES**  
and fill positions made vacant by men who  
have been called to serve their  
country in other ways

THE Nation's need is uppermost in your and everybody's mind... and the nation's need is divided into two important sections, each dependent on the continued effort of the other. You, unable as yet to help your country in the more tangible form you would like, can nevertheless do your bit in another important way. Women are needed URGENTLY to fill the gaps in business made by men who have left

to serve in other ways... and you best serve your country by enabling the nation thus to build its resources and provide the strength that only continued trade and effort can provide. And women who are thus prepared to "carry on" are urgently wanted. At present our Free Employment Service is totally unable, through lack of women trained in even the elementary requirements of these positions, to fill the positions waiting.

**YOU can help—**  
even if you have had no previous experience

It does not matter that you have not previously had experience or training in these occupations... you can, if you want to help, render the service the nation needs. The H. & R. modern, up-to-date training plans are specially adapted to enable you, if you start NOW, to be able in the next six months to take over in the field you have chosen. Continued training will enable you to help the Nation, business, and yourself

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## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"THERE'S only one way to get rid of your surplus fat. Exercise, and plenty of it."

"Nonsense. How do you account for my wife's double chin?"

VISITOR (speaking of family's youngest child): Yes, he has his mother's eyes.

Mother: And his father's nose and chin.

Youngster: And my brother's pants.

SERGEANT: Blank, stand to attention!

Blank: I'm at attention, Sarge. It's the uniform that's at ease.

SMALL BOY (to farmer lifting sack of potatoes): Can I help?

Farmer: What would you do?

Small Boy: I could grunt while you lifted.

"WHAT do you think of a man who constantly deceives his wife?"

"He's a wonder!"

"WE are planning to find out how many relatives we have."

"How?"

"We are buying a cottage at the seaside."

"HOW was your vegetable garden this summer?"

"Fine! We had it for lunch on Monday."

## USE THIS 2-PURPOSE soap



Renders coarse red skin smooth and supple as velvet

## ..and avoid BLEMISHED SKIN

Gives the skin a thorough Antiseptic Cleansing

Because Cuticura is a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap, it does two essential things to your skin. It maintains radiant skin health in spite of frequent exposure to the weather; and it gives harsh, flaky, blemished skin the clear, fresh beauty of youth. In Cuticura Soap the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura are combined with the most exquisitely refining and beautifying ingredients ever devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. To relieve sore, rough skin, also to heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. After the bath enjoy the cooling, refreshing fragrance of super-fine Cuticura Talcum.

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# Cuticura

PREPARATIONS



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Spend 2/3 to-day at chemist or store for a bottle of **Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture** (triple action)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long... One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

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## Make-up looks lovelier, lasts longer



when you tone up your skin with

**Pear's Tonic Action**

Wonderfully mild, mellow Pear's. Each cake is moistened for months to remove all harshness. Its transparency is a sign of its absolute purity.



The most expensive make-up can't hide drawn, tired skin! So first refresh your skin... prepare it for beautiful make-up by a stimulating wash with Pear's Soap! Pear's tonic action tones up your skin and leaves it firm and smooth... radiantly fresh... the perfect foundation for lovely, lasting make-up.

#### ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pear's Soap. It stays firm all it is worn to water thickness. The water, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

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## "YOU'D better.

Seed's got to go in in the next two weeks." She turned with a quick, impatient gesture. "Isn't! Can't you see the collar's too tight?—Let out the backstrap a couple of holes."

Gardiner watched the operation, a crease between his eyes.

"I swear," he said unhappily, "I wish you'd tell me what I ought to do. If I let the place go, it'll be hard to bring it back. On the other hand—"

"All right—start 'em up!" She turned to him with an edge of impatience. "Good heavens, why should I tell you?"

"Why—that is, you offered—" "I offered to tell you anything that would help you build up the place. I didn't offer to take all your responsibilities for you." She turned dark eyes on him, cool and level. "Don't you've no right to ask people things like that. Chet took the responsibility of telling you to buy the place—and now he's trying to sell it for you. And Miles ran it for you. But you can't expect people to take care of you all your life."

"Chet's a real estate man and a broker. Miles was a farmer. That's their business. Mine is—"

"Waiting for somebody to tell you what to do. Picking other men's brains for tips on the market. Don't you ever make your own decisions?"

He laughed shortly.

"All right—tell me the rest. That I ought to stand on my own feet—get a job—earn a living—"

"Oh, heavens! Haven't I made it plain that running your life isn't my responsibility? Do what you want to. If you want to farm—farm! But don't ask me to decide for you."

"I see." Anger rose hot in him.

"Well, I didn't know I was making

## Room for a Home

Continued from Page 14

a nuisance of myself. It won't happen again."

He was already striding towards his car.

"Don't!" she called after him. "Don't be angry! I'm sorry—forget it and stay to lunch!"

He turned. "I'm not angry," he snapped furiously. "It's all probably true. But I won't stay to lunch, thank you!"

He wasn't angry, he assured himself as he drove home. It would be ridiculous to let himself be angry. But she needn't have put it that way.

He hadn't the patience to work the colt this afternoon. Instead he set out on an aimless walk, tramping without purpose or direction, nursing a bewildered sense of injury. But it was hard to hold it when the pale sun warmed his back and the air smelled of warm earth teeming with the thrill of spring. It made him think of Miles. Just about now—to-day, perhaps—Miles would have come up to talk about the spring planting.

## STRANGE

he thought, as he plodded over the soft ridges of last year's cotton, how little he had seen then. Why, there wasn't a field or a fence corner that didn't bear the marks of Miles' patient toil. Something magnificent about that, and something infinitely pathetic. The work of a man's soul and body ought not to be allowed to fall away into ruin.

Land! Firm with an immense, slow strength, soft with the miracle of fertility. Satisfying stuff that you could touch, mould with your hands. He scooped up a little soil, poked at it with a curious finger. A chemist, now, could analyse that and tell you what went to make it up. A biologist could give names to the changes that took place in the seed you folded into it. And neither, in the end, could tell you the thing that Miles had understood...

He brushed off his fingers. Somewhere, he remembered, he had the plan for planting Miles had made last year. He recalled pigeon-holing it, a trifle irritated by the man's insistence. He started for the house.

He had studied his fields and overseen the breaking and the seeding. He had turned out before dawn, scratched hasty meals, come home dog-tired and dozed in his chair after dinner. Days of sun and wind, the moist smell of the fresh-turned earth, the bump and rattle of harrows and seeders. Days never half long enough for all he had to do.

It seemed to him that his mind ought to be as full of activity as his body, but there were gaps of boredom and restlessness that no amount of work seemed to fill. He missed Bannockburn; he knew that he had made a fool of himself that morning. But he couldn't quite persuade himself to go over and admit it... Instead, he celebrated the completion of his spring planting by driving over to a party at the Brittans.

It was over a month since he had been to a party. He'd earned the right to cut loose and have a good time. At half-past eleven he was still settling about it. He wasn't bored—he wanted desperately to

have some fun. But he had a feeling that the crowd was slipping away from him. He couldn't get his hands on it.

He wandered into the hall, pipe in hand.

Camilla was with a stout bald person with a glossy shirt-front.

"Hello!" she said, and "When did you come?" he demanded.

"Just got here... This is Mr. Sennach—Mr. Gardiner."

A queer, heady excitement was thrilling through him. He gave her a quick glance. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Sennach," he said. "Clara Brittan's looking for you. She wants to give you a drink or something."

It worked. With heavy pleasantries Mr. Sennach bowed himself out. Gardiner jerked his head. "Who's he?"

"A prospect. I'm going to sell him a horse. What did you tell him Clara wanted him for? She's out somewhere with Jim Wooster."

"Why didn't you tell him so then?"

They both laughed a bit self-consciously. He led her to a seat.

"Have you forgiven me for that day, Don?"

Somehow it wasn't even a sore spot any more. He heard himself saying happily, "I was a pain in the neck. Forget it, will you?"

They sat quietly for a moment.

"This morning I heard a mocking-

bird," he said. "Very pretty, too."

"YOU didn't. Not this early. They don't come till next month."

"You can believe me or you can believe some old book. I'll bet that mocking-bird is singing right now in the magnolias by your verandah."

He got to his feet.

"You're crazy! You don't know one when you hear it, anyway."

"Only one way to settle it. We'll go out there and see."

"Anyway, if there was one, he wouldn't sing at night this time of year. But—"

It was all as he had seen it—the moon, flooding the drive by the old house with silver-green darkness under the magnolias and an air so soft it pressed on hands and lips like a weight. He shut off the engine. For a moment neither of them spoke.

His heart was pounding. He slipped an arm about her shoulder. She didn't pull away. She didn't yield. She only said, "Oh, Don—please!" But the spell of the night was broken.

There was finality in it. His shoulders relaxed. "I'm sorry," he said tonelessly. "I didn't know—I thought—I hoped you cared for me." "It isn't that." Her voice was low and unhappy. "I guess I do love you, Don. If I didn't, it couldn't make me so miserable, could it?"

"Then why—"

"Oh, I wish—can't we just be the way we were?"

"I think I've got a right to ask After what you said."

Please turn to Page 18

## What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- "I could not love thee, dear, so much, Lov'd I not honor more." Those well-known lines, which find a sympathetic echo in so many hearts to-day, were written many years ago by the poet Dryden — Herrick — Ben Jonson — Lovelace — Spenser.
- Nothing like a cup of tea this cold weather, and talking of tea, the plant from which it comes has No flowers—red flowers—white flowers—tiny cones like a pine tree.
- The past weeks have set us all brushing up our Mediterranean geography, so maybe you know that Malta lies immediately south of Turkey — Cyprus — Greece — Sicily — Sardinia — Spain.
- Even if you've never played it, you've heard of the old-fashioned game of backgammon. It is played With cards—with dice and "men" on a board—with cards and "men" on a board—by moving "men" as you please about a board.
- Ornithology is a science dealing with Shells — birds — fossils — reptiles — certain animals.
- We read that when King Haakon of Norway arrived in London some weeks ago he was met by his nephew, King George VI. The relationship arises because King Haakon married King George V's sister, Princess Alice—his sister, Princess Louise —his sister, Princess Maud—Queen Mary's sister, Victoria of Teck.
- That's a smart velour hat you're wearing with your winter suit! Incidentally, the best velour hats are made from Hare fur — beaver fur—squirrel hair—angora.
- Ever heard of an anemometer? It's an instrument which Measures sea depth—condenses electricity—transmits Morse—measures the velocity of wind—regulates the flow of electricity through a cable or other conductor.
- In case you want to buy an aitch-bone of beef, you must know that this is the Shoulder — haunch bone — thin flank — wing rib.
- We read a great deal these days about preserving the "status quo." This expression is Latin, and means, literally, Where you stand—where stated—state in which—standing quiet.

Answers on Page 18

## LIPS THAT MEN

Love

TO KISS

Women the world over have learned that MICHEL LIPSTICK keeps their lips kiss-inviting. That's because MICHEL is a balanced lipstick that intensifies the natural lip color, blends perfectly with delicate skin tones, protects and keeps your mouth soft as a baby's. Michel really does triple duty. It gives your lips rapturous color, frees and protects them from chapping and parching, keeps them supple in all weathers. 7 appealing shades: Blonde, Brunette, Vivid, Raspberry, Capucine, Cherry, Scarlet. Price 2/- Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.



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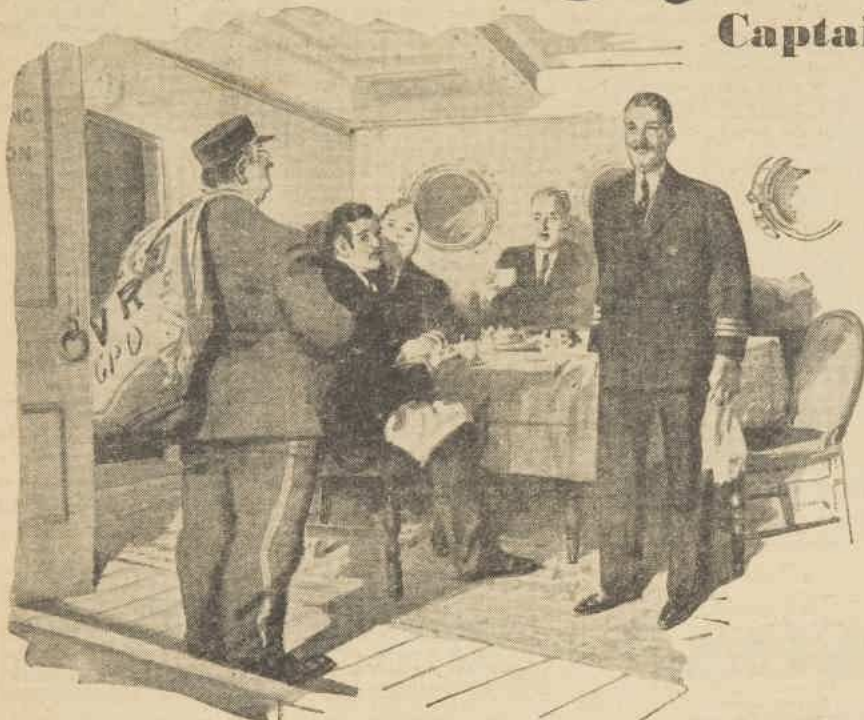
MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE





# Real Life Stories

## Captain brought vessel safely through gale



AT THE ENTRANCE to the saloon stood the postmaster, who announced to the captain that it was his duty to read the regulations relating to His Majesty's mails.

A GALE was raging on the Queensland coast, and the ship on which I had travelled from Townsville, the Mourilyan, was tied up at Cooktown for three days instead of the usual 24 hours.

At the time—thirty years ago—I was a regular traveller on the Queensland coast.

The gale developed to cyclonic force, and the captain—one of Drake's breed—sent me a note to the Great Northern Hotel to come aboard at once, adding that it was safer on the ship.

The captain, bare-legged, with trousers rolled up, had not slept since anchoring, as cables, new and spliced, were snapping hourly.

Next morning he announced to his officers, myself, and the only other passenger that should the barometer rise one point he would sail.

We agreed to abide by his decision, but an interruption arose.

At the entrance to the saloon stood the local postmaster, who, in a loud voice, announced that it was his duty to read the regulations relating to His Majesty's mails.

The captain rose and bowed, repeating this action, much to our

amusement, after each paragraph. The gist of the regulations was that no undue risk should be taken.

The captain, knowing the regulations by heart, listened patiently, thanked the postmaster politely and then, turning to the breakfast table, said to us: "But I am the captain of this ship. We can't han, on here any longer or there'll be no wharf."

At midday we stood out to sea. About 40 minutes later engine trouble developed. It seemed that the ship might drift on to the reef.

On the captain's bridge, where I hung on to a steel rail—the ship meanwhile dragging her anchors and the wind howling—I had my first view of coral rocks from the deck of a steamer.

The ship heeled over at a terrific angle—but suddenly I heard the captain's cheerful voice in my ear: "Doesn't she ride it like a swan?"

Only a few minutes later the engine trouble was righted, and slowly, all night, we ploughed through gigantic seas.

Morning broke with dull brooding clouds all around—but all's well that ends well, and at midday we sighted Cairns.

What a trip! And what a skipper!

£1/1/- to Gilbert White, Peary St, Northgate, Brisbane.

### Toys caught fire

MY small daughter's fifth birthday was celebrated with a small party. She is a sufferer from infantile paralysis, and so that she might not be too tired her little friends went home early, with the exception of a four-year-old cousin.

My husband's brother and his wife also stayed, and after tidying up we left the children in the bedroom, while we played cards in the lounge. Suddenly my daughter called me. I rushed into the bedroom to find her birthday presents—dolls, books, and boxes of handkerchiefs—in flames on top of her.

I quickly pushed them on to the floor and called to my husband to put out the fire, while I lifted my little girl from the bed.

All that had saved her from being badly burned was a blanket which I had wrapped completely around her splints for warmth.

The children had found a box of matches in a pocket of my husband's trousers, which were lying on the bed, and had struck one, which had dropped on to a rubber balloon.

2/6 to Mrs. T. D. Davis, 75 Beaconsfield Pde., Albert Park, Vic.

### Ski-ing mishap

SKI-ING in the Australian Alps, I had a nasty experience.

There was a heavy fog and I had ascended a steep ice-covered slope in the hope of finding better visibility on the other side.

Reaching the summit I found no improvement in the conditions and the increasing cold drove me to retreat. I had expected no difficulty in this, trusting in the footholds I had made in the ice while ascending.

Then I discovered that I had thoughtlessly kicked the holds into the face of the slope instead of stamping a wedge, as is correct, on which to place my foot from above. I knew I couldn't last—and I didn't.

Terror gripped me as I lost foothold and slid down into the fog. I had visions of dashing my head on the icy rocks. I tried to grasp at them but the mittens I wore made me clumsy.

Luck placed a heavy snowbank in my path. I plunged into it and lay half-submerged in snow until a few moments later my companions found me.

My mittens had been torn off in the attempt to grasp the rocks, but fortunately I suffered nothing worse than very cold, bruised hands.

2/6 to Miss Marie Paul, 280 Barkly St., Elwood 33, Melbourne.

## Short and Snappy

### BARGAIN AFTER ALL

SOME months ago I bought a cedar chest of drawers for £1 from a second-hand dealer. When it arrived home I found that the drawers were broken, that borer was in it, and I decided I had made a very bad bargain.

So during the recent coal restrictions, as we were short of fuel, my husband decided to chop it up.

Suddenly he called excitedly from the woodshed. In a crevice at the back of one of the drawers he had found five £1 notes rolled up neatly. They must have been hidden some years ago by a previous owner.

10/6 to M. E. Browne, 69 Clarence St., Brunswick East, Vic.

### PRESENCE OF MIND

MY father was stationed in Africa for some years, and it was my mother's practice to go around every night seeing that the house was locked up.

One night she saw standing open a cupboard which she knew she had previously shut. Putting her hand in she felt a black curly head.

With great presence of mind she simply murmured: "The maid has left that mop here again. I must tell her about it."

She withdrew her hand and slammed the door. Immediately she called my father and the thief was handed over to the police.

2/6 to Miss M. Danzig, 18 Bellevue Crescent, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

### LOST AND FOUND

AT Black Range, Murchison, Victoria, I lost a little diamond brooch on the red sandy road.

Two years later we were leaving Black Range for Perth. We were more than 100 miles from the railway, and as we were about to board the coach a camel team passed, startled the horses which kicked and disturbed the sand.

Imagine my surprise and delight to see, almost under the hoof of a horse, my diamond brooch, undamaged after two years.

2/6 to Mrs. Jonas, 132 MacPherson St., North Carlton, Vic.

### Buried alive

A PATCH of sandy soil, covered with rushes, used to be a favorite playground of my brother and myself when we were children.

One of our favorite occupations was making tunnels, and one day with some companions we made an extra large tunnel and took turns to crawl through it.

One lad was crawling through when another, thinking to add to the excitement, jumped on top of the ground covering the tunnel.

Amusement was turned to horror when it collapsed, burying our friend. While my brother ran to get father I started to dig feverishly with the spade.

When father arrived he told us we must dig with our hands as the danger of striking the boy's head with the spade was too great. I will always remember how horrified I was to find when we uncovered the lad that he had a large gash in his head.

However, a doctor was soon on the scene, attended to the cut, and our friend recovered consciousness. We never played at tunnelling again.

2/6 to J. T. Davies, Roxburgh St., Stockton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### Mare bolted

EVERY fortnight I used to make an 18-mile trip by sulky with my two young children to see my sick mother.

I drove rather a vicious mare who had a habit of rearing and starting immediately a foot was placed on the sulky step.

One day I had placed the two children, one nearly three and the other one only ten months, in the sulky, and had closed the gate.

While getting back into the sulky my foot slipped off the step. The mare reared up, swung round, throwing me down, and made off at a gallop.

I could never put in words my feelings as I stumbled up two miles of main road until I caught up with the sulky, where the mare had stopped at a gate.

The children were in the same position in which I had placed them!

Looking back a few yards I found that the wheel of the sulky had just grazed the edge of a culvert about two feet deep.

2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Yott, Silverdale, 29 Victoria St., via Inverell, N.S.W.

## FEEL DEAD TIRED WHEN IT'S TIME TO JUMP UP?



Do you wake in the mornings feeling as if you'd had no sleep?

Do your limbs feel stiff and heavy as you crawl out of bed?

Sleep ought to refresh you. Why doesn't it?

You are probably constipated.

Your habits may be "regular"; but you can still be constipated.

Being "regular" every day is not enough—no poisons must remain in the system. If they do your blood is unclean, and how can you be fresh and well?

For this condition there is a simple, honest prescription which doctors have recommended for years—Kruschen Salts. It has outlasted many fashions, and made many food fads look foolish. For Kruschen Salts are basically and unalterably right. The label on the bottle tells you, and tells doctors, that Kruschen Salts are a simple combination of natural salts. And doctors, knowing that there is nothing better than these Salts for constipation, have told their patients so.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

# KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a teaspoon, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K 14-1840



## New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

### ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 6d. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.  
Distributors: Fussell & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

"I SUPPOSE so. It's just that, Don, I've been carrying things all my life. The plantation—father. I'm tired. I can't carry anything more. I know that sounds—I wish you hadn't asked."

For an instant his face set hard. Then he laughed shortly.

"Frank, anyhow. But I've got a little income. I'll get a job, of course."

"What doing?"

"How do I know? Anything—it doesn't matter."

"That's just it, Don. People don't make successful lives out of doing things that don't matter. Oh, I suppose you could make a lot of money—people do. But that isn't living. . . . Don, you don't want anything. You've never wanted anything badly enough to go after it yourself. It sounds hard—I guess I am hard—"

"No—just sensible." He straightened. "Well, I know now—"

She was still standing there, her face white in the moonlight, as he turned the corner of the drive.

In the days that followed, he came to be grateful to the farm. He had tried Greendale, again—tried golf, parties, bridge. They kept him from thinking, but they couldn't keep him from feeling. Somewhere in him there was a ringing pit of lonely unhappiness that hurt him as nothing had ever hurt him before. He made a little money on a tip someone gave

him on the market—and found that he didn't care whether he made or lost. And in the end a sort of stubborn anger drove him back to wrestle through the hot days with a sullen, tired soul, and through the evenings with mounting costs.

Gradually it seemed to him that he was getting the better of it. There was nothing much to see—just a green carpet where brown fields had been, but the green was dark and healthy. There was nothing much to be proud of; just something growing where there had been nothing a few months before. But it grew because he had planted it and toiled over it and sometimes when the wind rippled it or when he ran his hand over the sleekness of one of the patient, solemn work-horses, it even seemed to him that he was beginning to be happy.

There was nothing sudden about it, no lightning flash of understanding. But slowly it was being borne in upon him that he was learning what Miles had known—the great, slow virtue in growing things.

Chet Batters needed no flourish of trumpets to herald his coming. The sun belched the news from the nickel-work of his car and glittered a fanfare of enthusiasm on his shell-rimmed spectacles as he drew up.

Gardiner tossed a wrench back into the tool-box (he had been put-

## Room for a Home

Continued from Page 16

ting a disc into the harrow) and showed his hands, black with grease. "Old son, we've put it over! Howja like a nice cheque for this dump, huh?" Chet bubbled with excitement. "Did I tell you, boy? Trust Uncle Chet; he gets you in—he gets you out."

Words tumbled about Gardiner's ears—a big proposition—Jackman and Sons—exclusive club development—

"You mean Jackman and Sons want this place?" he interrupted incredulously.

"Ask me, boy—ask me! Fourteen thousand cold! Come up to the house and I'll give you all the dirt," Gardiner glanced at the harrow.

"I ought to get that disc in—"

"Disc! The kid still thinks he's a dirt farmer!"

Talking steadily, he propelled him into the roadster—fifty thousand dollar club-house. What I told Jackman, you want a place far enough out so it's nice and private, and near enough to run out for dinner. And I got the spot. I told him—"Concrete road to within half a mile—"

They were driving between fields now, golden green in the late sun.

"Kinda pretty!" Chet broke off to say. "Good business to keep the place up."

Gardiner agreed absently. By some perversity, he was thinking of Miles. His father—grandfather—the Morgans. Simple people, their joys, their heartaches, their births and deaths and matings, all the fabric of their lives bound up with the land. Feeding it, giving it strength, so that it in turn might give back what it had taken, and the increase of it.

fifty thousand bucks! The swiftest, twist development you'll ever live to see!"

HE felt Chet's elbow in his ribs. He was seeing another picture now. Hard-faced, soft-handed men; their women, with their vacant, yelling laughter. Overrunning his fields—his!

"Chet, I don't want to sell."

Chet stopped the car, and swung around to face him.

"Now looka here, son, don't get me wrong. Don't get the idea you can hold Jackman up. They're considering a location over on Big Tree Lake, and if we get 'em here it'll be because they can come cheap. Fourteen grand might not look so big, but it gets you out, and it's every last nickel the traffic'll bear."

Don was positive now.

"It's no hold-up, Chet," he told him. "And don't think I don't appreciate what you've done. It's just—well, I couldn't tell you myself. Just a dumb notion not to sell."

Chet was incredulous. He was plaintive. He was wrathful. In the end he was fatherly. "Now looka here, my boy, don't let some fool idea run away with you. Here's your chance to get back to Greendale where you belong. The crowd likes you—wants to help you. There are big men there that'll slip you tips worth while if you'll play up. We'll run that fourteen thousand into a lot of money one of these days. But you got to go where money is to make money. You can't do anything out here in the sticks—you know that's so. Look, fella, you don't want to be a failure, do you?"

Time had passed since that night under the magnolias. Gardiner was able to grin.

"Chet," he said, "I'm a natural failure—been told so by an expert."

He watched Chet drive away, hurt, baffled, bewildered. Once he even started towards his own car with

## Animal Antics



"WE DON'T want any fly-by-nights here!"

some idea of bringing him back. But instead he went back to his harrow with a queer, gone feeling.

He was still struggling with it, half an hour later, when Camilla found him. She reined in breathlessly, flung herself off her horse.

"Don!" Her eyes were glowing.

"Don, I just saw Chet!"

"And he'd told you I'd gone nuts. Even now he wouldn't give way to the excitement that was choking him. He would be careful—guarded. 'I suppose Chet was about to explode.'"

"Don, why? . . . Oh, Don, why did you?"

He looked down at his blackened hands.

"Honestly, Camilla, I don't know. I've been thinking since that Chet's right—I am crazy." He drew a long breath and looked out across his fields. "I don't know—this is beginning to look pretty good now. I wanted—well it takes a lot of work to do this."

"Oh, Don! . . . Don!"

"I'm a fool, I guess. This is about the only thing I ever did on my own, and it's—look out, Camilla! you'll get all over grease—"

The low sun flooded the green about them with a golden light that deepened the colors of the afternoon, a mystic, fabulous light that found unsuspected glints of gold in Camilla's dark hair. They sat on the harrow and laughed.

"—and if you could have heard him . . . 'Doggone it, fella,' he told me, 'you don't want to be a failure—'"

"That little fat man called you a failure?" . . . She kissed him happily. "Look, fella, we've just begun."

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**3-IN-ONE OIL**  
LUBRICATES—CLEANS—PREVENTS RUST

For sewing machines, typewriters, guns, tools and all home and office appliances where good lubrication and protection against rust is important.

**3-IN-ONE OIL**  
(Trade-Mark)

## Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

Your Kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are a million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Burning, Itching, Passages, Getting Up Night, Loss of Sleep, Headaches, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Girding under Ribs or Sacral Aches, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. The cause must be removed. Cystex rid Kidneys of poisons and acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy and to kidney troubles. In 24 hours you'll feel better, stronger than for years. In a few days, complete health is restored. Cystex is guaranteed to put you right or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

**Cystex**  
GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

## LUX TOILET SOAP now lasts longer



NOW first and foremost in economy as well as in luxury. Try the new *lather* tablet of Lux Toilet Soap and see how it still gives the same lavish lather, yet outlasts other soaps of its size. This fragrant soap is used by 9 out of 10 of Hollywood's loveliest stars. You'll soon find that, as your regular bathroom soap, it's the best value your money can buy.

"I LOVE MY DAILY  
LUX TOILET SOAP.  
BATH... I CREAM ITS  
RICH LATHER ALL OVER  
MY BACK, ARMS AND  
SHOULDERS... IT  
MAKES THEM FEEL SO  
GLORIOUSLY SOFT."

says

Anna Neagle

AN R.K.O. RADIO STAR  
IN "THESE"



IT'S LOVELY THAT GIRLS LIKE ME  
CAN AFFORD THE SAME BEAUTY  
BATH AS ANNA NEAGLE...YOU  
COULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING MORE  
LUXURIOUS THAN LUX  
TOILET SOAP



Lux Toilet Soap is *Supercreamed*...  
gives a luxury lather

A LEVOCOL PRODUCT

### The answer is—

1. Lovelace. (In the poem, "To Lucasta, on Going To The Wars.")
2. White flowers.
3. Sicily.
4. With dice and "men" on a board.
5. Birds.
6. King George V's sister, Princess Maud.
7. Hare fur.
8. Measures the velocity of wind.
9. Haunch bone.
10. Slate in which.

Questions on Page 16



## A month ago - a listless child



## Today - Alert and Sparkling

Not long ago Tommy was listless and "mopy," uninterested in school or play. Mummy followed the doctor's advice, gave him Califig regularly. Now he's a keen, alert child, because there is no better remedy for constipation than California Syrup of Figs. It's not harsh or upsetting, but gentle and sure in action and pleasant to take.

**CALIFIG**  
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE  
California Syrup of Figs

## SMASH FLU OVERNIGHT



### DON'T GAMBLE WITH 'FLU'!

At the very first sign, break up and disperse the infection by taking two BAYER'S ASPIRIN tablets with a hot lemon drink. Repeat dosage if necessary in two hours.

For your own protection take Genuine BAYER'S ASPIRIN at the first sign. Recommended for all NERVE and MUSCLE ACHES AND PAINS.

In flat tins of 12 for pocket or handbag, 9d. Bottles of 24, 1/3. Bottles of 100, 4/.



Genuine BAYER'S ASPIRIN STOPS PAIN

# Women Also Serve

Volunteers work knitting machines for socks for sailors



TWO MORE SOCKS to add to the day's list are being completed at the Naval War Auxiliary by Mrs. Francis Fogarty (left) and Mrs. T. D. Cole.

TRAFFIC in the Sydney street outside is no busier than the scene inside the main depot of the Naval War Auxiliary.

All day voluntary helpers sit at the four knitting machines which turn out an average of 20 pairs of neat navy-blue socks each day.

In another section, Mrs. Clifton Penny, secretary of the depot, parcels the books, magazines, and gramophone records which are sent in.

"We need books and magazines badly," said Mrs. Penny. "But we ask people not to send old books or magazines dated farther back than eight months."

A careful check is kept of

the huge quantities of comforts that have been sent to the ships on service.

Since last October 2766 pairs of socks, 1467 mufflers, 623 balaclavas, 1128 pairs of mittens, 81 pullovers, and 50 pairs of long, white, hand-knitted seaboot stockings have been despatched.

One group of workers spends all day repairing socks and adding the size-tags and small pieces of tape for the owner's name.

President of the auxiliary is Mrs. C. J. Pope, and with her committee she controls the large list of members, of whom 700 are on the knitting list.

Some of the members have machines in their own homes.

Red Cross transport drivers on war service duty

WOMEN drivers in the Red Cross transport service (Victorian Division) are now in action on war service. Through a plan recently inaugurated, each of the 160 trained drivers spends a day driving a Red Cross car on official duties.

Each day a driver with her car is on duty at Stonnington Convalescent Home. Patients are taken to the Home from military hospitals to recuperate, and those who have recovered are driven back to their units.

Superintendent of transport drivers is Mrs. Howard Carr, assistant superintendent Mrs. Eccles McKay, and Misses E. Gurner, M. Syme, P. Bentley and I. Murray group leaders. Each group leader controls 40 members and each has a week on duty.

All drivers give their own cars and services free. They wear a very workmanlike uniform consisting of khaki drill coat frock, khaki cap, brown shoes and gloves.

Though superintending transport drivers is almost a full-time job, and keeps Mrs. Carr at Stonnington every day from 9.30 till 2 p.m., she manages to run a women's auxiliary to provide comforts for men of one battalion.

Women in Australia plan help for babies in Norway

SOON numerous warm sleeping bags for babies will be on the way to England addressed to Lord Halifax, president of the King Haakon Fund for relief in Norway.

Knowing the intense cold of the Norwegian winter, Mrs. Bjarne Dahl, of Melbourne, had the idea of knitting a sleeping bag in which a baby could be kept warm in all weathers.

When completed, she took the bag to a meeting of Norwegian women, and parcels of these bags will soon be ready to go overseas.

Under the leadership of Mrs. C. C. Borhaven, Norwegian members of the International Club formed a group to work for King Haakon's Fund, with Mrs. Lief Due as president, Mrs. J. A. Schreuder treasurer, and Mrs. Borhaven secretary.

The International Club will shortly produce a pageant for the fund.

Is receiving many offers for V.A.D. membership

"THE moment the war situation was intensified, my telephone began to ring," said Miss Gertrude Jude, Assistant State Controller of the Metropolitan Division of V.A.D.'s in South Australia.

Scores of women, anxious to help the Allied effort, volunteered for V.A.D. training.

Many applications had to be rejected. No one who has not attended Red Cross lectures and obtained certificates for home nursing and first aid is now accepted in the Voluntary Aid Detachment.

"Our organisation must be 100 per cent efficient," says Miss Jude. Each detachment is thoroughly overhauled with regular efficiency tests. Results of these tests are forwarded to Military Headquarters.

Miss Jude has been connected with V.A.D. work since 1917.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas (S.A. Division) has also had her strong support. In 1936 she received the honor of Serving Sister of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

Miss Jude holds a B.Sc. degree. She is well fitted for her key position in Australia's defence.

She was formerly secretary of the National Council of Women.

Former school friends join war-work group

ALTHOUGH many past pupils of the Brisbane Girls' Grammar School are doing war work in various

forms, they also found time to form a group of their own.

Miss G. M. Nevill was appointed convener, and Miss Mirva Colwell secretary.



DOROTHY DONALDSON tries a balaclava on Elsie Hodge. Both are committee members of the Brisbane Girls' Grammar School Old Girls' Association war group.

The president, Miss Rhoda Felgate, generously turns her Twelfth Night Theatre studio into a depot every Monday, where wool is distributed and articles collected to be sent to Red Cross or Comforts Fund headquarters, or to any authorised war group.

Miss Felgate at present is making arrangements to reproduce a play she recently saw in England, which will be staged in the grounds of the Grammar School.

## You Cannot Avoid ACCIDENTS

But you can guard against serious infection by dressing all skin breaks with Iodex. In an article on Tetanus, the world-famous Lister Institute advises:—"Use Iodine in the local treatment of the wound, as it has strong destructive action on the Tetanus Toxin."

As Iodex contains 4% Iodine, it is the finest First Aid Remedy which can be kept in your home. Doctors throughout the world use it themselves and highly recommend it to their patients.



Cuts and Scratches. Iodex has no equal in protecting open wounds and abrasions against infection, as it encapsulates (smothers) germs and prevents them multiplying. After First Aid, call your doctor.



Burns and Scalds. A nurse says:—"Iodex is the best application for burns I have ever used. One patient described it as 'truly wonderful' the way it takes the burn out of it."

FREE! Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

**IODEX**  
NO-STAIN IODINE  
Price 2/- from all Chemists

## ALLURING SLIMNESS

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health-giving and tonic properties, cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects, and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Slugg, Pharmacologist, of Dulwich, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tablets at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks supply. There is nothing secret about these. The formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 per post. The Seaweed Slimming Bath is used as well for drastic reduction, 2/- each, 10/6 for 6 pints, post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth.

## DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 45 Years' Success.  
"It is almost unbelievable. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.  
It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write today for a FREE SAMPLE Booklet and many Testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 307, Elizabeth Street, Sydney.





## The Case of JEAN M.



CASE 186, 6802  
NAME: Jean M., Age 27-28  
OCCUPATION: MILLINER.  
SYMPTOMS: Frequent headaches, loss of energy, bitter constipation, indigestion, nervousness, irritability, nervousness.  
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation—resulting in over-irritation of the digestive system, causing indigestion, nervousness, and headache.  
TREATMENT: Nystal Figen, 24 tablets.  
ACTION: IMMEDIATELY WITH NYSTAL FIGEN.

### BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally—without purging. Figen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets .. 1/3

**NYAL FIGEN**  
FOR CONSTIPATION

*No Thanks, Mummy!*  
**I'D RATHER  
HAVE MY COLD**



### AVOID UNHAPPY "DOSING"—RUB COLDS AWAY

You'll get smiles instead of tears when you treat a child's cold this way: Simply rub his throat, chest, and back at bedtime with Vicks VapoRub.

There's no risk of upsetting a little stomach—no danger of thus pulling down a child's strength just when he needs it most.

And relief is quicker because VapoRub gets after a cold right in the sore, clogged air-passages. Its soothing vapours are inhaled with every breath. At the same time, it

works on the skin like a poultice, easing congestion and pain. There is no waiting for swallowed medicine to go from the stomach into the blood, then travel all through the body.

Hours of comfort follow as VapoRub's poultice and vapour actions clear away tormenting stuffiness, relieve coughing, make breathing easy. While your child sleeps, VapoRub goes on working. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is gone.



Ideal for children—and  
just as good for adults

**VICKS**  
VAPORUB

Over 26 million jars used  
yearly in 71 countries

# Italy's millionaire playground . . .

## Glamor spot of rich vanishes with war

By MARGOT NEVILLE

With the entry of Italy into the war vanishes one of the last millionaire playgrounds from the map of Europe—the lovely Italian Riviera.

All along that coast, west and south of Genoa, are dotted those little towns with their magic names: San Remo, Rapallo, Alassio, Santa Margherita.

HERE, until the great bombers cast their shadows over, came the rich and fortunate ones of the earth for the winter season of pleasure. Every year as soon as the bitter winds chilled London, Paris and Rome, those luxury trains streamed across France and Italy bearing their burden of dukes and grand-dukes, millionaires, professional beauties, duchesses—and even an odd king or two.

Close in their wake followed their beauty specialists, their hairdressers, their masseurs and their jewellers, like a great supply column following an army.

Nowhere else in Europe was so much wealth and splendor concentrated in one small area.

Close to the beaches of the blue

waters were the huge hotels, luxury shops and brilliant gardens of flowers and palms; while up on the hills above, as though shouldered aside, were the ancient medieval towns.

In those cramped dark streets and poor cottages, the peasants lived and had lived for countless centuries, their lives never touching for a moment the lives of the wealthy foreign invaders on pleasure bent.

The peasants in those ancient towns tilled their fields and struggled desperately with nature for their black bread and their glass of sour red wine; and only a stone's throw below the rich disported themselves in sun and sea and ate their epicurean foods cooked by famous chefs, and drank their vintage wines.

There, for a few months every year, the great artists of the dress world—Lanvin, Molyneux, Patou—



LOVELY SAN REMO, on the Italian Riviera, where in days of peace international wealth and beauty met and laughed the careless hours away.



NEAR gaily-striped umbrellas on the beach at ALASSIO famous figures of the world have sought relaxation and a golden suntan.

came with their wares. Those small intimate shops were the cradles of the fashions for the coming year.

The smart set of the French and Italian Riviéras put the seal of its approval on the models of its choice, and the world followed—at a reasonable distance.

### The password

LIFE on a sunny morning at Rapallo or Alassio was life at its loveliest. It was a world in which ugliness and poverty seemed to be non-existent.

Wonderfully dressed women from all parts of Europe strolled in and out of the shops bent on the all-important business of clothes for an hour. Then on to cafes on the terraces to meet their friends and sit in the sun and drink porto flips or champagne cocktails before lunch.

International sports champions, the latest Hollywood star, the author of the last best seller, the most publicised debutante of the year; headline-faces, headline-names—every nationality was to be seen, every language was to be heard. But there was only one password—money.

On the terraces with their flowers and their tables beneath the bright striped umbrellas, vivacious groups laughed and talked as they sipped their drinks. The orchestra played the newest dance music and the sun poured down. It always seemed to shine more gaily there than anywhere else.

The salty tang of the sea air was mixed with the scent of flowers and perfumes from Paris at five guineas an ounce. The bay was dotted with

the white sails of millionaires' yachts and private seaplanes.

So, remote from the cares and struggles of the rest of mankind, the Italian Riviera began its day.

But it was not until night-time that it gave itself up to the serious business of pleasure. Then those weary after joy made their way to the casinos to dine and dance and gamble.

In the lovely beach and sports clothes of the morning wealth was only suggested to the discerning eye; it burst forth at night in frocks and furs and jewels that made the simple beholder gasp.

### Music and song

DINNER began round about nine-thirty, and by eleven every table in the dining-rooms of those casinos was full. The highest-paid artists in Europe—cabaret singers and Spanish dancers at a couple of hundred pounds a week—were brought there to amuse that idle crowd.

And so by midnight to the gambling rooms, where in the overheated and over-perfumed atmosphere the passions of gain and loss ebbed and flowed till the morning.

Round the tables where the stakes were high the piles of notes seemed to become more important than the tense-faced men and women who pushed the stuff about with such assumed indifference.

One had only to spend a few hours in those casinos to realise that there is no harder god to serve than the god of pleasure.



AND GOOD FOR YOU TOO!

It is seldom indeed that the delightful things of this life are the things that are good for you. But the habit of taking a glass of Orange Juice, or eating an Orange or two, a day, is one of those things. Charged with many of those vital qualities which help you to health, Orange Juice is one of the finest of natural tonics, with a sweetness and flavour all its own! Adopt the Orange habit and you will find it one of the greatest possible aids to the abounding health that nature intended you to enjoy.

**RANGES**  
(Authorized by the "Eat More Fruit" Campaign Committee)



# Cheery hearts behind the blackouts

London's courage as gay hours gave way to grim readiness

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Beam Wireless, from London.

With the threat of Nazi blitzkrieg coming nearer every hour all England is working furiously but calmly to increase her preparedness.

But that very capacity of the English to keep calm and endure enables them to relax and enjoy themselves when they have time to spare. This has been apparent even in the past week of tense anxiety.

**H**IDDEN behind the blackout there are bright lights, music, and a determined gaiety in cafes and night clubs round London.

In one of them I talked with two pretty English girls dining and dancing with their aviator fiancés during a precious evening's leave.

"We're despatch riders in the daytime," one of them said, "so we think it is good for us to enjoy ourselves in the evening."



THE DUCHESS OF KENT now wears the uniform of Commandant of the Women's Emergency Naval Service.

"In peacetime it would probably sound foolishly dramatic—but I keep thinking of how there was a brilliant ball at Quatre Bras the night before the Battle of Waterloo," she added.

"And Hitler must be feeling pretty fed up with the number of times we've told him that Drake played bowls while the Spanish Armada sailed up the English Channel and still won."

Her remark expressed the spirit of Britain making ready for anything that might come. Mr. Churchill brilliantly summed it up when he said: "If the British Empire lives for a thousand years, people will say this was their finest hour."

Since Italy came into the war a lot of well-known, familiar faces are missing from the ranks of those who have provided us with good food and entertainment for years.

But the proprietors and waiters at cafes run by Italians made a brave farewell gesture and provided extra good fare the night before they were interned.

The Quaglino brothers had been in England for so long they have never thought of becoming naturalised.

The doors are locked at dozens of other Italian restaurants in Soho and the West End.

## Rising sun

**S**ARTORI, of the famous Coq d'Or, was particularly distressed by the news that Italy had declared war. He has a French partner, and was among the first of the Italians to leave London for Italy in 1915, fighting for three years against the Germans.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were among the regular diners at Sartori's restaurant.

Stocco, whose beaming smile welcomed patrons, among them the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent, is missing from the Cafe de Paris.

Luigi, of the pleasant restaurant bearing his name, broke down and wept when he had to leave.

Benini, of the gay Hungaria, was taken away to the strains of his Tzigane orchestra playing in the grillroom.



TWO DOMINION SOLDIERS spend an evening's leave with English friends at a London night club.

It's not fashionable to look slightly bored any more. When young people go out dancing they are very determined to enjoy themselves.

The famous xylophonist conductor, Teddy Brown, has flung his considerable weight into the effort of keeping London amused.

At the Savoy recently every guest received a miniature xylophone, on which Teddy instructed them how to play "Home, Sweet Home."

The orchestra at the Piccadilly plays on a stage with a golden rising sun behind the orchestra.

It looks so like an outsize A.I.F.

badge that we Australians feel we own the place.

There are tea dances at some of the big hotels as well as the usual dinner dance and 10 to 12 cabaret floor show.

If you want to see romance in a big way these days you go to Claridge's Causerie.

Recently, opened, the causerie provides only tables for two, and I've seen some very heart-warming and heart-breaking twosomes—here, young soldiers, airmen and naval men spending a brief leave in London to see their young brides or sweethearts.

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DOROTHY THOMPSON,  
famed American columnist, and  
enemy of Hitlerism.

## American women want to help Britain to victory

Parachute invaders and Fifth Column will get hot time in U.S.

By Beam Wireless from Our New York Office

The women of America are overwhelmingly in sympathy with Britain and France, and deeply moved by the suffering of crushed peoples, particularly fleeing refugees.

Their sympathy is openly expressed, and it can be taken for granted that a large majority favor President Roosevelt's policy of giving all possible material aid.

There has been no declaration of their attitude beyond that, but it is believed that women, and particularly mothers, do not at present favor any declaration of war that would involve sending Americans overseas.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, the widely-read columnist of the New York "Herald Tribune," has been one of the bitterest assailants of Hitler and Mussolini.

For many months she has insisted

that in the event of the defeat of the Allies Germany would turn attention to the Western Hemisphere.

Miss Thompson's extremely strong pro-Ally sentiments are shared by many, but it is generally considered

that the typical women's attitude is that they would like to see Germany defeated, but that America should limit its assistance to material aid, and not send soldiers overseas.

This view was expressed in an interview with Mrs. Matilda Burling, president of the Gold Star Mothers, which organization is composed of women who lost their sons in the World War.

Mrs. Burling said, "We must strengthen our defences no matter what the cost."

"It would be much better to spend a billion dollars now, so that we won't have to send our sons overseas again."

Whether the capitulation of France will bring danger closer home and change the attitude of the women remains to be seen.

Women are very conscious of the danger of the Fifth Column, and large groups of club women throughout the country have been organized to look out for subversive propagandists.

The object of the move is to keep the closest watch on all Nazi, Fascist, and Communist organisations. It is well known that Mrs. Roosevelt's sympathies are strongly with the Allies and that she favors giving them all possible material aid short of war.

A similar view was expressed by



HEARTSICK at the plight of the European refugees from Nazi invasion, Mrs. Roosevelt leads American women working for the Red Cross.

Mrs. Morrow, president of Smith College. Her attitude is in striking contrast to the pro-Nazi opinions voiced by her son-in-law, Lindbergh.

Considerable publicity has been given one group of women whose leaders are said to have planned to form widespread committees ready to arm themselves with shot-guns and rifles to help repel possible attacks of parachutists.

While the European scene is undergoing such rapid changes, it is impossible to predict the future attitude of women.

In the main their views are parallel with those of men who believe that for the immediate present the United States can best help Britain by sending planes and other war material as rapidly as possible and speeding up mass plane production and national defence.

Meanwhile hundreds of thousands of women throughout the country are working as never before for the Red Cross and relief organisations and rushing clothes and supplies to Europe by every available steamer.

*"It saves me  $\frac{2}{3}$  rds. of my monthly repayments"*

21 Carrong Road,  
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General Manager,  
Sydney County Council,  
Queen Victoria Building,  
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Dear Sir:

Having purchased an electric range from the Council last June and giving it a fair trial against older methods, I must say that it is far ahead in better results, economy and cleanliness.

I have been very much surprised with the results and the dishes and cakes I have been able to turn out. On the economy side the difference is such that I now save  $\frac{2}{3}$  rds of my monthly repayments on the range as a result of lower operating costs. So - with better cooking results at lower cost I am very well satisfied with my change to electricity.

Yours sincerely,

Eileen Irwin.  
(Sgd.) Eileen Irwin.



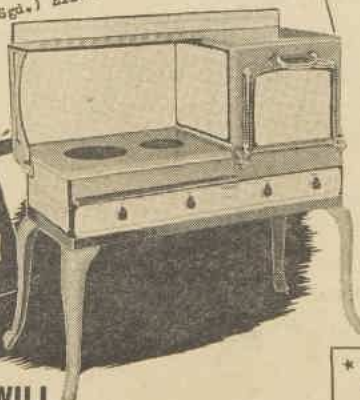
says Mrs. Irwin

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with mount, at 7/11

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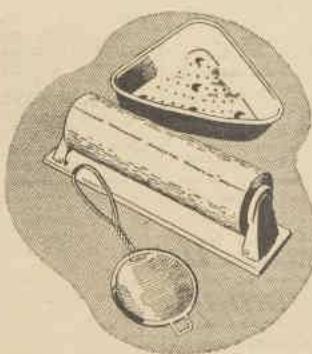


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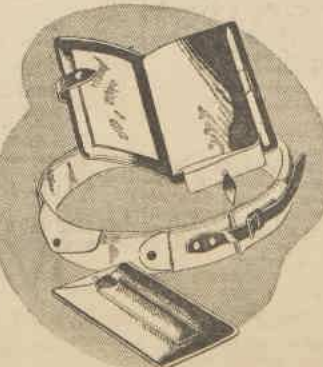
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Ama-ki is the one sauce you really can't afford to be without in your kitchen!

### ★ Try this easy AMA-KI Recipe—

Soak a lamb's fry in salt and water for 1 hour; drain off and put through mincer with 3 rashers bacon, 1 onion, little thyme, 1 tablespoon AMA-KI SAUCE, salt and pepper. Mix well and mould into roll; dip in flour, then egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep boiling fat till brown.



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BEAUTY LOTION  
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# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

## ★ A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

(Week's Best Release)  
Maureen O'Hara, Adolphe Menjou (RKO.)

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" is a remake of the film which brought Katharine Hepburn fame six years ago.

With competent and very lovely Maureen O'Hara in the Hepburn role, this story of womanly sacrifice is as deeply moving as was the original.

It is essentially a woman's film. Adolphe Menjou, escaping from a mental asylum, in which he has spent twenty years of his life, returns to his English manor home to find that his wife, Fay Bainter, has divorced him, and is planning to remarry (Herbert Marshall).

Fay, distressed at his unexpected reappearance, postpones her wedding.

Then his daughter, Maureen O'Hara, engaged to young Australian Patric Knowles, learns that Menjou's madness is inherited, and not the result of shell-shock, as she had been told.

How Maureen faces this situation, and with what courage, provides inspiring and poignant drama.

Characterisation is sure and subtle. Maureen acts with an understanding unexpected in one so comparatively inexperienced. Her Sidney Fairfield is a gallant young woman who will linger in your memory.

Menjou, as the father, is excellent. Fay Bainter, Dame May Whitty as the embittered spinster aunt, C. Aubrey Smith as the doctor, give sound performances. — Embassy; showing.

## ★ TOO MANY HUSBANDS

Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas, Fred MacMurray (Columbia.)

IT'S witty, it's subtle, it has an excellent cast. But it is a conversation piece.

And an unbelievably non and a half. Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, and Melvyn Douglas—personable and amusing as they are—becomes somewhat wearing.

With its sly innuendos and risqué situations, this film more nearly resembles the sophisticated modern French drawing-room farce than any Hollywood film I have seen.

The characters are wickedly human.

Story deals with a man, Jean Arthur, who marries Melvyn Douglas, after her first husband, Fred MacMurray, has been declared legally dead.

Then Fred turns up from an island, where he has been shipwrecked a year, to claim his wife.

What to do? Jean declares she loves both, and simply can't make up her mind which one to have.

She implies reveals in the possession of two furiously jealous and so attentive husbands. She calls each indiscriminately, "darling," bestows sisterly caresses impartially, and is deliberately tantalising.

Jean is daintily pretty, and acts with sophistication and a play of expression that is delightful. But all three are perfectly at home in their roles. It would be hard to say which of the two men gives the better performance; MacMurray, high-spirited, leapt; chairs, impetuous in his love-making—or Douglas, lovable, pampered, whimsical, turning defeat into a provocative victory. —State; showing.

## ★ NINE BACHELORS

Sacha Guitry, Elvire Popesco (French.)

HERE is one of those ingenious, artificial, and peculiarly "allie" comedies. It is very well done—but its theme, which many like me will find distasteful, limits it radically in appeal.

A gentleman who lives by his wits learns that no foreigners will be permitted to live in France. He promptly opens "a refuge for old bachelors," with the idea that he may arrange marriages of convenience in order to give foreign women French nationality.

The "Nine Bachelors" are nine old bachelors—most brilliantly and naturally acted by nine famous character players. Sacha Guitry himself appears as the gentleman promoter. The ladies who arrange to be married in name only range from elderly women seeking to

## Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

escape taxation to young American girls.

The film then tells what happens after the mass wedding, when the grooms decide to call on their brides.

Some of the episodes are amusing, some pathetic, and one decidedly unpleasant. Taken as a whole, the film is strictly—very strictly—for adults.—Savoy; showing.

## ★ AN ANGEL FROM TEXAS

Eddie Albert, Rosemary Lane (Warners.)

THIS screen version of George Kaufman's "Butter and Eggs Man" is an enjoyable little comedy, winding up with a rollicking burlesque show.

The story is centred on quaint Eddie Albert, an innocent from Texas, and his adventures in the big city.

Eddie follows his stage-aspiring girl-friend, Rosemary Lane, to New York. He takes his mother's life savings with him in the hope of buying an hotel. Then he meets conning young theatrical producers Wayne Morris and Ronald Reagan, who persuade him to put his money into their stage show. A condition of the transaction is that Rosemary shall be the star.

Glimpses of that play, an absurdly over-acted melodrama, and of some comic gangsters, who blow up the stage add to the fun.

Comical Eddie Albert is good. Wayne Morris as a fast-talking irresponsible young man, and Ronald Reagan, who can't persuade his knowing little wife, Jane Wyman, to give him her sweep ticket winnings, are amusing.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

## Shows Still Running

\*\*\* (plus) Gone With the Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, in superb version of best-selling novel, ranking as finest film of any year. —Liberty; 8th week.

\*\*\* French Without Tears. Ray Milland, Ellen Drew, in delightful sophisticated modern comedy. —Prince Edward; 8th week.

\*\*\* Rebecca. Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier in moving, beautifully produced drama from Daphne Du Maurier's sombre book. —Regent; 2nd week.

\*\*\* Dad Rudd, M.P. Bert Bailey, Alec Kellaway in amusing Australian-made comedy.—Capitol and Lyceum; 2nd week.

\*\*\* Buck Benny Rides Again. Jack Benny, Ellen Drew in witty musical satire.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

# SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



DRESS EXTRAS IN TAILS ARE KNOWN AS 'PENGUINS' IN CASTING OFFICES.

BACK SAFE AND BANG!

SLOW MOTION PICTURES REVEAL THE FACT THAT ELEANOR POWELL PERFORMS 331 TAPS PER MINUTE IN HER DANCE ROUTINES!

AFTER A TROUBLE-FREE 3,000-MILE TRIP IN HIS FIRST CAR—JOHN GARFIELD RAN INTO HIS GARAGE DOOR AND WRECKED THE BUS!

# Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

ENGLISH film star Madeleine Carroll left New York for France, by Clipper, last week.

She said that she intended to establish a home for 400 refugee children at her chateau at Saudreville, and that, later, she would join the Red Cross.

Divorced from English Army Officer Captain Philip Astley last December, she is said to be interested in French flying ace, Captain de Rosiere.

GRACE FIELDS, who is touring Canada in aid of the British Servicemen's Fund, may come to Australia later this year for the fund.

LOVE Notes: Robert Stack and Judy Garland are still holding hands. Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes are dining together.

PATRICIA MORISON, attractive young Paramount player, who has been climbing steadily toward stardom, will soon play the most important role of her career, lead oppo-

sition Fred MacMurray in "Rangers of Fortune." This is an adventure tale, laid in the 1870's.

DOROTHY LAMOUR recently had her tonsils removed. She reports that the operation has not harmed her voice.

HOLLYWOOD is now referring to Hattie Etta, and Sam McDaniel as the "black Barrymores." Hattie, of course, won an Academy Award for her portrayal of the negro Mammy in "Gone With the Wind." Her sister Etta and brother Sam are both in pictures.

MICKEY ROONEY is beaming a new girl, Rita Quigley, 16-year-old sister to Juanita.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, returning to Hollywood after a season on the stage in "Easy Virtue," has just signed a long-term contract with Columbia.

Miss Bennett was to have played the feminine lead in that studio's production of "Singapore," but the picture has been temporarily shelved owing to story difficulties.

# "Lots better than milk, Mummy"

Children who dislike milk look upon it as something quite different when 'Ovaltine' is added. For 'Ovaltine' not only transforms milk into a really delicious beverage, but its special properties make the milk digestible and much more nourishing. In every way, 'Ovaltine' is the perfect food beverage for children. It provides all the nutritive elements required to build up perfect health of body, brain and nerves. For these reasons, make 'Ovaltine' your children's daily beverage—there is nothing "just as good."

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# The Movie World

June 29, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page

## To play COUNTESS in "ESCAPE"



### WOMEN'S WEEKLY SERIAL TO BECOME FILM FOR NORMA SHEARER

From JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

THE full cast of "Escape," MGM's drama based upon the best-seller by Ethel Vance, has just been announced from the studio.

Norma Shearer will play the lovely and fated Countess. Opposite her will be Robert Taylor in the role of Mark Preysing.

The role of actress Emmy Ritter, the most important figure in the book, goes to Nazimova, famous

stage personality who was prominent on the silent screen.

There was never any doubt as to who was to be the film Countess, but several interesting players were tested for the character of Emmy.

Among them were Judith Anderson, Australian actress, who has been so praised for her Mrs. Danvers in the film "Rebecca," and Jane Cowl, a Broadway star. Oddly enough, Billie Burke has also been mentioned in the role.

Paul Lukas will appear as the General—a piece of film casting

• Norma Shearer, who insisted that MGM buy the film rights of "Escape," and won the Countess role for herself.

which hints that the film will put its own interpretation upon the characters in the book.

Lastly, to young Bonita Granville goes the subsidiary role of the girl-student in the Countess' home.

Norma herself insisted that the studio purchase the screen rights of "Escape."

This star, always careful to vary her roles, was looking for an unusual drama to follow the brittle glitter of "The Women."

Robert Taylor is overjoyed with his assignment to the film.

As you will remember, Taylor has been on strike against the type of stories he was being handed. He has been clamoring for a serious change to show his acting ability—and he has got it at last.



• He is disappointed. George Raft, seen above with Norma, had hoped to appear with her in "A Free Soul." But that film has been discarded in favor of "Escape," which co-stars Robert Taylor.

*The right way  
to KISS!*



EVERY girl should know — there's only one way to kiss a man. Don't smother him with lipstick! Don't leave a red smear on his nose, his chin, his cheeks — or, on his handkerchief! If there's anything a man hates it's that tell-tale smear of lipstick. Now, Pond's brings you a really indelible lipstick that stays on — if you kiss, eat, swim or smoke. Pond's Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It's every-

thing you've ever hoped for in a lipstick . . . smooth but firm, natural looking, lasting and constant in colour.

Pond's Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright sunlight or under the glare of electric lights. Imagine that! A new kind of lipstick that is as alluring by night as it is by day. Six smart new shades to choose from, and the price is only 2/- and 1/-.

Day and night use

pond's INDELIBLE  
lipstick







All together girls—Hip-hip-hooray!  
For eKonomy spelt with a "K"!  
"K" stands for KAYSER  
The silken amazer  
That saves a girl money! Oh "K"!

# KAYSER

## spells Economy

Introducing a NEW and  
thrillingly different  
ECONOMY STOCKING

**101X KAYSER**  
*Twyn-Sylk* REG.



### KAYSER Compass Colours

thrilling new tonings!

**AURORA** — A burnished beige—lovely in Sheers!

**TORRID** — A dusky beige—perfect in both Service and Sheers.

**DANGER** — A brilliant golden beige! Designed to intrigue!

**MOONMIST** — A soft misty grey—in 505X only.

**SHADOW** — A subtle grey beige! Always distinctive!

**SUNGLEAM** — A lovely sun pink! You'll love it in Sheers.

**DAZZLE** — Rivals a sun-kissed peach for colour!

**MAGNETIC** — Attractive honey beige—neutral and harmonious!

It's Kayser's newest! **101X "TWIN-SYLK"** — a fully fashioned pure silk stocking, cleverly reinforced with rayon, combining durability and beauty to a degree such as you never before thought possible. Features include specially constructed and beautifully moulded Cradle foot and welt of fine, fancy lisle ensuring extra strength and perfect fit. All your favourite colours! Ask for 101X "Twyn-Sylk" by Kayser — the new fashionably dull **economy** stocking at only . . . .



**Service Weights** **505X** Still the leader in its field! Looks well, wears well. Pure Silk with a lisle welt. **5/11**  
**(NEW)** **222X** "Mir-O-Kleer." Pure silk from top to toe! A very smart and dependable Service Sheer. **7/11**

**Sheer Weights** **88X** "Mir-O-Kleer." A smart and popular Sheer, Pure Silk, with a neat lace welt. **5/11**  
**33X** "Mir-O-Kleer." Extra Sheer, pure Silk to the top. In all the New Colours. **5/11**  
**11X** "Mir-O-Kleer." An attractive pure silk Sheer! Has a deep lace welt. Smartly dull. **6/11**

**Super Sheer** **500X** All pure silk. The famous Super Sheer with the exclusive "Mir-O-Kal" high twist! **8/11**

**Novelties** **(K-Crepe)** "Mir-O-Kleer." A genuine pure silk Crepe from top to toe—Sheer, dull, snag resistant. **7/11**  
**(K-Clox)** The most exquisitely fine "Mir-O-Kal" sheer with dainty lace "Clox" and matching welt. **9/11**

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

"I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW"

I INSIST ON **KAYSER**



# THIS COWBOY LIKES TO FISH

A GLIMPSE INTO THE UNUSUAL HOME LIFE OF WILLIAM BOYD, SCREEN'S "HOPALONG" CASSIDY

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

William Boyd, who always portrays that adventurous western hero, "Hop-along" Cassidy, on the screen, is a normal, peace-loving man at heart. Like most other men who work hard for their living, he prefers to go home and forget his job.

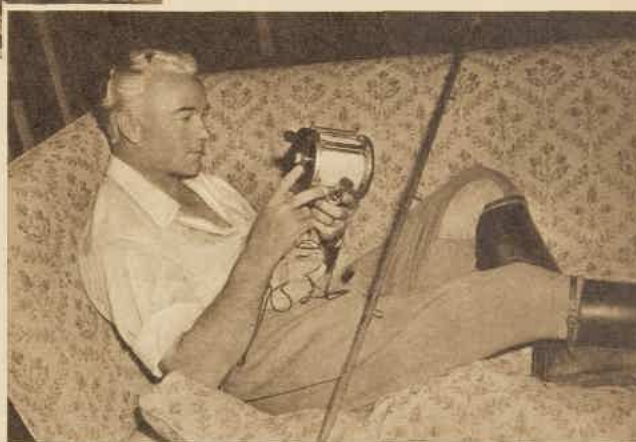


• Bill keeps his film equipment, guns, belt, and holster, safe in a cupboard at home. He cleans and polishes them himself. Here he is examining them, preparatory to playing his role.

• Still no cowboy hat—and at Hollywood's most famous function this year—the Motion Picture Academy Award Banquet. Boyd and 76-year-old May Robson get together.



• What! No cowboy hat? Bill Boyd poses for an informal snap on his ranch with his pretty young wife, Grace Bradley, and their pet prize setter, Michael.



• The deep-sea fisherman examines the tackle—and lies down to it. William Boyd, just back from a morning's gallop, plans another fishing excursion to the Pacific.

## Everyone is Raving About This Thrilling New Type Shampoo!



IMPROPER WAY  
Hair dull, covered  
with cloudy film.

CORRECT NEW WAY  
No dull film; hair soft,  
shining like silk.

### Any Colour Hair Shines Like Silk!

It's hard to believe, but true! This new type Colinated 'foam' Shampoo literally transforms the appearance of any hair.

Yes! Look at the girl in this picture, one shampoo with Colinated will make the magical difference you see! This girl herself says: "I am so thrilled about Colinated 'foam' Shampoo! It adds a silky lustre and shimmer to the hair!" So try it soon. Get ready for the compliments then, too, for men cannot resist a shining head of hair.

Just how this unusual shampoo

works these miracles is a scientific secret. IT ISN'T AN OIL, IT ISN'T SOAP—IT ISN'T ANYTHING YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE. Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly get a glorious billowy foam in any kind of water—5 TIMES MORE THAN ANY SOAP LATHER. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once and you're through.

"What?" you say, "No second rinse?"

No vinegar or special after-rinses?"

No—not one extra rinse! That's the marvellous part. This new type shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that gummy, unrinseable film ordinary alkaline soap or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So your hair comes out radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Best of all, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colinated 'foam' Shampoo the most economic you've ever used too—a half-teaspoonful gives a rich shampoo, so it goes a lot further. You can get it at any chemist or toilet counter anywhere.

**M**OST movie cowboys appear everywhere in public in cowboy hat, jingling spurs, and the rest of the picturesque western garb. They even ride to work on horseback.

Not Bill Boyd. When the day's work is done, off goes the white sombrero, the black silk shirt, back goes the horse into the stables!

You might not recognise the reckless cowboy hero in the quietly-dressed, unobtrusive man-about-town who steps out of the studio gates.

Bill works on an average six months every year, and loafs the rest of the time.

Deep-sea fishing is his passion. As soon as he is sure of a couple of weeks' uninterrupted freedom he's off to some beach along the rolling Pacific, where the swordfish take the hook.

Otherwise he may be found prowling round Californian woods with rifle under his arm. He is as skillful hunting game as he is shooting bad men on the screen.

### Mountain home

**I**KE most Hollywood stars, he lives on a ranch perched on a mountain top forty-five miles from Hollywood.

His comfortable Spanish-style bungalow is unpretentious. There's a crackling wood fire in winter, verandahs all round for summer browsing.

The house is surrounded by modest acres of uncultivated land, where Bill breeds horses as a hobby. The white horse he rides in the

pictures is his own. So are many of the others that appear in the Cassidy films.

He also breeds dogs—beautiful, sheeny-coated prize red setters. Bill loves dogs, and is never happier than when riding out on his ranch for a morning's gallop with a dog at his heels.

But he likes pottering round the house, too, doing odd jobs that he doesn't have to do.

He also enjoys getting into his oldest, shabbiest clothes and spending a lazy day in the sun.

### Varied career

**Y**OU see, he's never had much chance for loafing in the past.

From school days, when he was left alone in the world, life for him has been a struggle.

Before winning success on the screen, he had to take any job he could get. He was a grocer's boy, car salesman, oil well driller—and even picked oranges in California.

Bill is now married to attractive Grace Bradley, former stage and screen actress.

The Boyds are by no means rich.

While they are not keen about night clubs they attend most of Hollywood's important functions, and are familiar figures at the big movie premieres.

Bill can look forward to many more years of such comfortable security—thanks to the Cassidy films.

A popular actor of "silents" he lost his place among the stars just after the coming of talkies. He was playing leads in second-rate adventure yarns when that first Cassidy film which was made in 1935 established him once more as a popular favorite.





• Russell Hayden has already won his wife in two Western film stories.



• June Clayton, Russell's wife, can ride and rope like her cowboy husband.



• Bride and groom Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, who became engaged on one Warner Bros. picture, will be teamed again shortly in another, "Butter and Egg Man."

## HUSBANDS MAKE LOVE... to their WIVES

**A**N extraordinary number of husbands are this year going to make love to their wives—on the screen.

These tactful gentlemen include Clark Gable, Allan Jones, Ronald Reagan, Dick Powell, Russell Hayden, Charles Laughton, Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond, and William Boyd.

It's an interesting move—teaming married people in films.

But in the past, fans did not object to ex-husband-and-wife partnerships, such as Carole Lombard and William Powell in "My Man Godfrey," or Margaret Sullivan and Henry Fonda in "The Moon's Our Home."

Again, when the couples concerned are individual favorites, it certainly seems a waste of box-office prestige to keep them apart.

Louis B. Mayer, of MGM, began this husband-and-wife policy by announcing that he would star together Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in "Flight Command."

As soon as the success of this experiment is proved Gene Raymond will be brought back to the screen to co-star with Jeanette MacDonald.

The story Mr. Mayer has in mind for Clark Gable and Carole Lombard is—and we hope the title is not prophetic—"He Does as She Likes!"

### Title needs changing

**A**LREADY it seems as if the companies will have to go gently on the actual names of these married-people pictures.

For Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are publicly worried about the title of their co-operative effort, "I Want a Divorce."

Very happily married, the Powells are afraid that the tag might not make a good impression. But Paramount paid a high sum for the "I Want a Divorce" title to a popular American radio programme which deals with current marital problems.

Other companies are using husbands and wives as a subtle follow-up to fan interest won by their marriages.

So Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, of Warners, whose February wedding was one of the rare church ceremonies here, and whose next picture will be "The Butter-and-Egg Man," are a bride-and-groom team.

Ronald and Jane actually fell in love and became engaged during the making of "Brother Rat and a Baby." Remember that Tyrone Power and Annabella did the same thing when "Suez" was filmed?

Indeed, Tyrone's first wedding-anniversary present to Annabella was a print of "Suez." Which story leads up to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Power will appear this year in another drama together—if Fox can find a suitable story.

Stories hold no problems for Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hayden. Russell is "Lucky" of the Hopalong Cassidy series, and his pretty young wife, June Clayton, has already appeared with him in "In Old Mexico" and "Sunset Trail." They were engaged when they made the former film, and just married when they made the latter.

Paramount hopes to have June

STUDIOS HOPE TO PROFIT FROM  
POPULARITY OF MARRIED PLAYERS

From Christine Webb in Hollywood



• Their studio is now looking for a story to co-star those good married comrades, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald.

• Allan Jones with Irene Hervey, who has left home and her two children to appear with her husband in a musical.



Clayton for several more "Hoppy" pictures, not only because of the human interest angle, but because she can ride and rope with any cowboy on the range.

After June's success, it was only natural that "Hoppy" himself, William Boyd, should be anxious to have his own wife, Grace Bradley, play opposite him in a film. He has already made this request.

For the last two years the red-headed Grace has been living the happy life of an ordinary wife on the Cassidy ranch, 45 miles from Hollywood. Perhaps I had better qualify "ordinary." Grace now can ride and rope—as well as Mrs. Hayden. The only reason she retired from the screen just as her career was beginning to bloom was because she did not feel like working any more. She inherited a large fortune from an uncle.

### Comeback for Irene

**B**ACK from retirement, too, is coming Irene Hervey—Mrs. Allan Jones. Motherhood took Irene away from the cameras; she has an enchanting small boy.

But Allan wanted his wife to share with him the musical comedy of Universal's "Boys From Syracuse." As I write, Irene is working in this film, as slim and pretty as she always has been.

Of a different but charmingly devoted nature is the partnership offered to the Bassermans. Seventy-five-year-old Albert Basserman, European actor, made his English-speaking debut in "Dr. Ehrlich's

Magic Bullet," and scored a great success.

Now he and his wife, Elsa, are to play in "Foreign Correspondent," for Walter Wanger. Mrs. Basserman performed on the Continental stage with her husband for a quarter of a century. This will be her first appearance with him in a film.

Not so strictly a team affair is the promised film by Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. As everyone knows, this brilliant English pair has already been teamed in "The Beachcomber."

Now, in Laughton's film, "They Knew What They Wanted," Elsa will have a character role, yielding to Carole Lombard the post of leading lady.

There are several other well-known homes which can provide teams for the fans. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who have already made "Wells Fargo"; Anne Shirley and John Payne; Frances Farmer and Lell Erickson; perhaps even John Barrymore and Elaine Barrymore; or that enigmatic pair, Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

## THEIR VIRTUES... make a perfect whole

**I**N establishing Hollywood's "Perfect Personality," Steve Trilling, Warner Bros. talent scout, selects:

**BETTE DAVIS** for graciousness, because graciousness includes interest in another's problems, ability to place the other person at ease.

**ERROL FLYNN** for sincerity—he is truthful with himself and frank with other people.

**JAMES CAGNEY** for conversation—he is well informed and shows in his conversation more interest in his audience than in himself.

**BRENDA MARSHALL** for good voice, which is one of the most pleasing qualities of a "perfect personality."

**OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND** for taste in dress—she knows the art of always wearing attractive clothes that do not draw undue attention to them.

**PRISCILLA LANE** for neatness, which comes from mental orderliness.



## SEEING STARS in the ROUGH

ON THE JOB WITH  
MAN WHO FOUND  
FAVORITES LIKE  
ANN SHERIDAN

By Ken Whitmore in  
Hollywood

I have just watched a big studio executive engaged on Hollywood's most fascinating and important task—that of spotting stars in the rough.

Every Friday afternoon, from 2 o'clock on, Hal Wallis, one of Hollywood's youngest production executives, sits in a big leather chair in a tiny theatre at Warner Bros. and watches film tests being run off one after another in a two or three-hour parade of celluloid, until the week's collection has been seen to the end.

As he watches new faces and hears new voices during their brief and fleeting moments on the screen, he holds the curved bell of a dictaphone close to his lips.

The second he sees or hears something he likes, or doesn't like, he speaks. He is talking to a secretary who will note his transcribed instructions later. He is deciding the fates of those who want to be to-morrow's stars of the films.



HERE is an example of his dictation:

"I want to talk to the girl in Number 16. Remind me about having her eyebrows done into a natural line and new hair treatment. Make a note about the tall young fellow in Number 20. Remind me to see his test again when we start casting for 'Torrid Zone.'"

"Make a new test of the girl in Number 22 and give her comedy instead of drama to play. Take her out of low-heeled shoes. Dress her to show her figure."

"Test 24 is badly lighted. Find out the name of the cameraman and remind me to send him a note. But get in touch with the man who read the one-line dialogue to the girl who was being tested. I want to see him in my office."

Like every other major production executive in Hollywood, Wallis sets great store by film tests. They are the vital artery that supplies the essential new blood of talent to the industry.

A screen test, made in New York, gave Warner Bros. John Garfield, screen find of the current year. The Lane sisters, Priscilla and Rosemary, might still be singing with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. If Warner Bros. had not decided to use the aggregation in "Varsity Show."

"We signed the outfit for the picture," Mr. Wallis told me, "and sent the whole band to our Brooklyn studio for tests to see who of the featured performers might be able to play a part in the picture."

"From these tests three literally leaped out from the screen when I saw them: Priscilla Lane, Rosemary Lane and Johnny 'Scat' Davis."

ANN SHERIDAN is an example of how film tests sometimes work in reverse for certain studios. Paramount originally tested and signed Ann (then Clara Lou Sheridan), as a result of a "Search for Beauty" contest. She was brought to Hollywood, played a few small parts and then was dropped. Wallis and Warner Bros. were quick to grab her.

What did Wallis see in her, as he watched her test, that made him order his secretary to "Have that Sheridan girl in Test 18 come to my office to-morrow?"

"I saw in her the same allure that made Clara Bow the 'It' girl of her day and Jean Harlow the sensation of a later period," Wallis reveals.

"All she needed was a little more careful handling by the make-up, hairdressing and wardrobe departments, and a type of role that would let her get that oomph across."



• When Hal Wallis looked at a film test of a freckled girl from Texas, he saw the allure that made Clara Bow and Jean Harlow famous. Was he right? Well, look at Ann Sheridan now!

## THE SECRET'S OUT!

IT'S supposed to be a deep, dark secret, but it's really too good to keep—Walt Disney is laying plans for the production of that greatest of all children's classics, "Peter Pan." The project is still in the preparatory stage so you'll have a long wait, but it should be pleasant to contemplate.

Work on his next full-length cartoon, "Bambi," is going full steam ahead, and "Pinocchio" is running second only to "Gone With the Wind" in American box-office receipts, which, considering all the other really good pictures floating around now, is quite a feat.

They go...

## Home to the suburbs

By Barbara Bouchier

FOR a brace of very understandable reasons—privacy and the country life—hardly any top-flight players live in Hollywood proper. They live in suburban areas whose distance from the studios is at least 15 miles—and at top, 55 miles—each way!

Consider Madeleine Carroll, who has her humble little abode at Malibu Beach, a mere 34 miles from Paramount. Each morning Madeleine, who is co-starring with Doug Fairbanks, jun., in "Safari," makes a personal safari to Hollywood.

And Fairbanks isn't much better off, either. He lives in Santa Monica (or, rather, on the outskirts of the town), and his little sleeper jump each a.m. is exactly 23 miles.

Some fun, huh?



CHARLIE RUGGLES rates high as a commuter because he resides on a miniature farm outside Van Nuys, which is a good 18 miles from Hollywood.

And where do you think Pat O'Brien lives? Out in Pacific Palisades, at the beach, which is 20 miles from Hollywood.

Brentwood, a suburban town 13 miles from Hollywood, is the home of a flock of stars including Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, John Howard, Lynne Overman, Fred MacMurray, Allan Jones, and Irene Dunne.

Bob Preston lives with his family in Pasadena, and Pasadena is a perfect 20 miles (through traffic) to Hollywood. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, another Mr. and Mrs., happily live on a ranch just beyond the city limits of Los Angeles, which, you should know, is practically living in a foreign land.

Frank Lloyd, producer-director, lives in Tujunga Canyon (where the forest fires last year wrought havoc), which is exactly 24 miles from Hollywood. But Lloyd has a system—he moves to a local hotel during filming of one of his pictures, only going home for week-ends!

Only Bill Frawley of all the actors is no commuter. He lives across the street from Paramount! "Me," he explains, "I like my sleep. Anyway! I used to be in vaudeville!"



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

First Page

The Australian Women's Weekly

June 29, 1940

## DRESSING for DINNER



• Deep vintage wine jacket suit with rich embroidery providing an enchanting contrast to the austerity of line.

• Unusual frock of black wool crepe from Lelong. The bodice and corselette waistline feature unpressed pleating, and the skirt fits snugly. (Right.)



*Frock of the Season*  
**Wake's**  
BOX 4535, MELBOURNE

ESSK YOUR "FIRST LOVE" from early autumn to late spring. It's skirt's new! thrilling! pleated as precisely as a paper fan! tailor-stitched to keep its swing! Bodice, cut on shirt-maker lines, regularly action-backed, white collar to accent your pretty face! Finest light weight pure wool in lovely fashion. Right colors: Turquoise, Grey, Monaco, Blue, Black, or Navy. —XSSW— \$3W, \$5W, W 29/11

29/11

Broad Shoulders!  
Ring-Narrow Waist!  
Flared Hem!

THE 1940 "SCISSORS" SILHOUETTE

**MAILGRAM** WAKE'S MAIL ORDERS — Retail Showroom  
489-499 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE—BOX 4535

SEND STYLE No. ESSK. Color \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_

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SEND BY C.O.D. POST TO \_\_\_\_\_

SEND YOUR FREE 1940 WINTER CATALOGUE

**SEND FOR WAKE'S FREE CATALOGUE**

Post your "Mailgram" request to-day. Postage one penny for "Mailgram" coupon only in an unsealed envelope.



• Molyneux's dinner suit in sheer black wool with pleated skirt and casually tailored jacket embellished with mother-of-pearl embroidery. On her head a choux of fur.

• Norman Hartnell's famous "poured in" silhouette expressed in tucked satin. The low, square neckline is caught at the sides with diamond clips. (Left.)



By Airmail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

## Last-Minute Fashions

Sketched by PETROV



• Shoes in coarse beige bunting are very popular. They have wedge heels and toe caps embroidered in gay colors. Belts and collars to match. (5.)

• Lovely evening bags with an Old-World air are made from damask-patterned silks and laces in faded pot-pourri tones, with cameo clips. (6.)

## ADORABLE WARMTH FOR SHIVERY NIGHTS . . .

but you must give them gentle **LUX** care!

"Winter woollies" of exquisite diaphanous charm . . . how could you bear to be without them? But how could you bear to wash them — if it were not for safe, gentle Lux. Only creamy Lux could preserve that fragile loveliness — only Lux for all your most precious things! There's no soda in Lux.

**LUX**

If it's safe in water, it's safe in LUX!

A LEVER PRODUCT

• A couple of garlands of field flowers with gay ribbons at each side are being used across the chest and at the rather low waist-line, and are more popular than zips to fasten the newest edge-to-edge coats. (1.)

• Necklaces of cock's feathers, less feathery than the old-fashioned boa, are being worn with dinner dresses. The shining black feathers in two or three layers, fastened to a narrow black velvet ribbon, are anything from three to seven inches long and each is tipped with a dab of gold paint. (2.)

• Fifth Column spy activities caricatured in a striking evening cape in heavy white wool, scattered with huge human eyes worked in grey and black lapin with black monkey fur for lashes. (3.)

• Striped waistcoats in Ottoman, taffeta or tie silk vivify plain grey or black suits. They are multi-colored and the stripes are narrow, ranging from a series of pin stripes at eighth-of-an-inch intervals to ordinary stripes about a quarter-inch in width. (4.)

"I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW"

It's so easy to be sleek and smooth in Kayser WARMEEES — beautifully tailored "Undies" that stay smooth-fitting and unwrinkled. So inexpensive!

Other Vest and Knicker styles from 2/11 ea.

Nos. 143, 143- "Lynette" Vest and Panties, 2/11 each. Dressing Gowns from 35/-

I INSIST ON **Warmees** THE NEW WINTER LINGERIE by **KAYSER**



# MIDWINTER HATS . . .

Gay as a flower-seller's basket



• Crisp straw breton (unseasonable as spring itself) in Legion-of-Honor red is held to the head by a draped triangle—newer than a snood—of olive-green-and-red checked taffeta. (Left.)

• Aage Thaarup's microscopic disc of black felt is loaded with sunshiny yellow flowers—buttercups, primroses, and big yellow pansies, and a filmy flare of black tulle hangs down the back.

• In his famous "stirling-green" Erik designs a wide-brimmed felt, which soars unexpectedly at one side and is bound and banded with black grosgrain. (Right.)

• Flattering and festive little tricorné of black fabric, with a pale blue lace veil draping under the chin, as romantic as a Venetian fête. (Top Right.)



## In a new floral design

## Gay cushion-cover

● It's worked in shamrock, poppy-red, dark peacock-blue, and cream, and is just the ideal accessory for brightening up your living-room at this time of the year.

**A** LIVING-ROOM needs cushions to make it livable and to provide color and atmosphere.

If your room is rather short of these necessary accessories, work one or two of these gay covers.

This design is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green Irish linen.

You can also have the cushion-cover with the same design traced on cream, blue, or green Cesarine or on good quality crash in a natural shade.

When finished the cushion-

cover measures 18 by 18 inches.

Prices are:

Linen, 3/9; Cesarine or crash, 3/-, plus 3d. postage.

Cottons for working are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2d. a skein.

To do the embroidery, which is, incidentally, quite simple, you will need the following Anchor stranded cottons:

Three skeins F.777, mid-shamrock; 2 skeins F.392, poppy-red; F.486, very dark peacock-blue; and one skein F.603, cream.

Work with six strands of cotton. Use satin-stitch stem-stitch, and buttonhole.



NEEDLEWORK  
NOTIONS

Photo 113, 125 x 141. This cushion-cover, which is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on linen, Cesarine or crash, is worked in gay colors of shamrock, poppy-red, dark peacock-blue, and cream. The cottons are also obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Send To This Address! Adelaide: Box 3884, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4907, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 6910, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4004W, G.P.O. If selling: 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

## FOR THE TINY TOT

## Cosy nightdress

**Y**OUR little one needs warm night-wear this weather, so make her one of these dainty nighties.

This design is obtainable from our Needlework Department, and is very simple to make.

The pattern for cutting out and making up and the design for the embroidery are all traced on win-cette in cream, pale blue, pale pink, pale green, and lemon.

Long sleeves make for extra comfort.

Prices and sizes are:

Size, 1 to 2 years, 2/11; 2 to 4 years, 3/3.

If you would like to make up this design in your own material, you can obtain a paper pattern for 1/- and a transfer for the embroidery for 1/3 extra.



No. 25 Left: Nightdress for the tiny tot traced for making and working on colored win-cette

## Petticoat for baby

**T**HIS is the prettiest little design and ever so easy to make.

The petticoat can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced with pattern for cutting out and making up and with embroidery design for working in win-cette in cream, pale blue, pale pink, lemon or green.

It fastens by buttoning on either shoulder.

Sizes and prices are:

Infants to 18 months, price 1/11.

Stranded cottons, 2d. a skein, or flosselle, 3d. a skein.

The edges should be embroidered in buttonhole and the small rosebud design should be done in pastel colors.

Right: This little petticoat for baby is ever so easy to make. Traced on colored win-cette it is all ready to cut out, stitch up and embroider. Obtainable in sizes infants to 18 months.



No. 26

# GLO-RUB stops a cold before it takes hold!



Just two simple things to do. One—inhale the medicated vapour given off when a teaspoonful of Glo-Rub is put in boiling water. Next—rub the chest and throat liberally with Glo-Rub at bedtime. For heavy colds that have already developed and for coughs and chest troubles, Glo-Rub is effective indeed when used in conjunction with any cough mixture—but when used with HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE the effect is positively amazing. Glo-Rub costs only 2/- a jar at all Chemists.

H. S. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., WELLINGTON, N.Z.

**I**F your skin is healthy you have that glorious natural loveliness that always wins admiration. But with so much germ-laden dust and grit in the air to threaten skin health, you need a special medicated soap—Rexona—to give your complexion constant protection. Rexona corrects a dull skin... makes a normal one naturally beautiful.

**Smooth flawless skin with REXONA SOAP . . .** Cadyl, compound of medications, guards against BLACKHEADS, ROUGHNESS, COARSE PORES.

Rexona is the only soap medicated with Cadyl, a highly protective compound of medications. It reaches the very source of skin faults... drains away accumulated waste matter from the pores. The medicated lather tones up slackened tissues and leaves your skin flawless, radiantly lovely.

**A REXONA SOAP Shampoo for lovelier hair, healthier scalp.** See how much lovelier your hair can be—shampoo it with Rexona Soap. Its medications keep your scalp healthy, free from dandruff... make your hair shine with added lustre.

**1/6 REXONA SOAP and OINTMENT HEALING SKIN TREATMENT**

If skin faults don't yield quickly to Rexona Soap care then use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This complete Rexona treatment soon heals blemishes... leaves your skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

**TREATMENT:** Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



MORE THAN A BEAUTY SOAP...IT'S A Complete Skin Treatment



These revitalising medications in REXONA SOAP can't fail to improve the skin.

**EMOLLIENTS**—to soothe, soften and heal.  
**NUTRIENTS**—to nourish and revive.  
**ASTRINGENTS**—to refine pores and improve texture.  
**TONIC ELEMENTS**—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

**REXONA SOAP for baby . . .** protects against RASHES, CHAFING . . . all common ailments.

Rexona's medications protect baby's skin. Rexona Soap and Rexona Ointment, used together, quickly cure Cradle Cap.



REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

© 304-18



# 'ASPRO' WILL SMASH that FLU Attack in 24 HOURS

## WILL STOP IT IN ONE NIGHT IF TAKEN IN TIME

There is no quicker or more effective way to smash a Cold or 'Flu' attack than the 'ASPRO' method, but take enough 'ASPRO' Tablets to do the job. Follow these directions:

Take 3 'ASPRO' Tablets immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and 2 tablets every 3 hours afterwards until the symptoms disappear; a hot stimulating drink to be taken with the last dose when going to bed. Some people use lemon for the hot drink, some prefer whisky, while others mix the two.

It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for 'Flu' and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent a chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research, and quick relief is obtained because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is anti-pyretic (fever-reducing)—a powerful germicide—is antiseptic—anti-periodic and anti-fermentative.

Always use 'ASPRO' because 'ASPRO' is BEST AND SAFEST, and ALWAYS KEEP 'ASPRO' IN THE HOME!



**Use 'ASPRO' for**

SLEEPLESSNESS	NEURALGIA	ASTHMA
TEMPERATURE	HEADACHE	LUMBAGO
FEVERISHNESS	HAY FEVER	GOUT
SORE THROAT	MALARIA	NEURITIS
IRRITABILITY	INFLUENZA	EARACHE
RHEUMATISM	SCIATICA	DENGUE
TOOTHACHE	COLDS	

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.  
'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF to WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED

NICHOLAS PTY. LTD. 'ASPRO' (Reg. Trade Mark).



REMINISCENT of peasant style is this fascinating winter cardigan knitted in white wool and embroidered in colors down the front. Instructions for making on this page.

## IN WHITE WOOL

● Captivating winter cardigan, adorned with gay embroidery down the front in red, blue, yellow, and green wools. Ideal for special occasions.

HERE is something really unusual in the way of woollies—a cardigan knitted in white wool and finished with colored embroidery.

Long sleeves and yoke in a pretty open stitch are other unusual but attractive features of this gay little jacket.

**Materials Required:** 9ozs. 4-ply Ramada Super Fingering Wool, white. 1 ball each of embroidery wool, shades red, blue, yellow and green. 9 buttons, 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 12 needles.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified and in the correct ply, work with the knitting needles in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

**Measurements:** To fit 34-35-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 19 inches. Sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

**Tension:** 13 stitches to 2 inches. 8 rows to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch; tog., together.

**Note:** Work into back of all cast on stitches.

**BACK**  
Cast on 108 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½ inches (28 rows).

Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st. for 3 inches.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row until 114 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 114 sts. until work measures 12½ inches from cast on.

**Shape Armholes:** Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 88 sts. remain, ending on a p row.

Change to fancy rib pattern.

**1st, 2nd and 3rd Rows:** \* K 1, p 1 repeat \* to \* to end.

**4th Row:** \* K 1, k 2 tog., m 1, p 1 repeat \* to \* to end. These 4 rows form the fancy rib.

Continue in fancy rib until armholes measure 6 inches, measured straight up.

**Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off.

**RIGHT FRONT**  
Cast on 58 sts. on No. 12 needles.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows.

**Next Row:** K 1, p 1, k 1, cast off 4 sts., rib to end.

**Next Row:** Rib to last 3 sts., cast on 4, rib 3. Work 16 rows.

Make buttonhole on next 2 rows.

Change to No. 8 needles, rib 10, st. these sts. on to a safety-pin, k to end of row, increasing 1 st. at end of row (49 sts.). Continue in st-st. for 3 inches.

Increase 1 st. at side edge on next and every 6th row until 52 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 52 sts. until work measures 12½ inches from cast on, ending at side edge.

**Shape Armhole:** Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Take 2 tog. at armhole edge every alternate row until 40 sts. remain.

Work 8 edge sts. at front edge in st-st. and the remaining 32 sts. in fancy rib as given for back of yoke. Continue until fancy rib measures 3½ inches, ending at neck edge.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

**Next Row:** Work to last 2 sts., Take 2 tog. Repeat the last 2 rows until 25 sts. remain. Take 2 tog., pattern to end.

**Shape Shoulder:** \* Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Work back. \* Repeat \* to \* twice. Cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

Cast on 58 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work to match right front, omitting buttonholes.

When changing to No. 8 needles, k twice into 1st st., k to last 10 sts., then st. these on to safety-pin. This will reverse the border.

### SLEEVES

Cast on 60 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches (30 rows).

Change to No. 8 needles and work fancy rib for 2 inches.

Continue in fancy rib increasing 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row until 96 sts. are on needle (18½ inches from cast on).

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 60 sts. remain.

Continue on 60 sts. for 2 inches. Cast off.

### FRONT BANDS AND NECK RIBBING

Sl. the sts. off right front from safety-pin, and with No. 12 needles continue ribbing, making the buttonholes with 16 rows between each. Continue until 10 rows have been worked after 8th buttonhole, st. sts. on safety-pin. Make the left hand to match, omitting buttonholes.

Sew front bands into position up the front to corner of neck shaping.

Sew up shoulder seams. Sl. the 10 sts. from right front to a No. 12 needle, pick up and k 90 sts. round neck, st. the 10 sts. of left front from safety-pin.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 4 rows. Make another buttonhole, then work 4 rows. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press all parts well with damp cloth and hot iron. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Make 4 pleats in tops of sleeves. Sew sleeves into armholes. Embroider small flowers down each side of cardigan, inside the ribbing, from welt to neck ribbing. Sew buttons on left front to match buttonholes on right front.



# Fashion PATTERNS



## Special Concession Pattern

TWO frocks and a skating outfit.  
 Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.  
 No. 1—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.  
 No. 2—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.  
 No. 3—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast for frock, and ½yd., 36ins. wide, for bonnet.

## CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 24 stamps must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Patterns Department," in the address in your State as under.

Box 382A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
 Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
 Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
 Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
 Box 891Q, G.P.O., Perth.  
 Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
 Tasmania: Box 188 G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
 (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....  
 STREET .....  
 SUBURB .....  
 TOWN .....  
 STATE .....  
 SIZE .....  
 Pattern Coupon, 25/6/40.

## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:  
 \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F1961.—Hooded blouse with flowing contrast skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 7 to 8yds., 36ins. wide, for skirt, and 2yds. contrast for bodice and hood. Pattern, 1/9.

F1962.—Cosy, hooded jacket for spectator sports. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F1963.—Simple, full-skirted frock with contrast box jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds. for frock, and 2½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1747.—Frock with buttoned bodice featuring crisp yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F1758.—Swing-skirted style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F1964.—Slim suit with peppy contrast jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds. for jacket, and 1½yds. for skirt, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1965.—Smartly tailored 'lamas. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.





PEGGY McDONALD, sixteen-year-old Sydney radio star.

## TWO NEW STARS IN RADIO WORLD

PEGGIE KERR, a "swing" singer, has been on the stage almost all her life, and has sung in leading theatres throughout Australia.

"The Youth Show" promises to become one of the most popular features of Australian broadcasting.

A half-hour of musical entertainment, it will be relayed from 2GB over every station of the Macquarie Network throughout the Commonwealth at 8.30 each Wednesday night, beginning on July 17.

Peggy McDonald is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McDonald, Chatswood. Educated at Roseville Primary School and Willoughby Domestic Science School she left school after passing her Intermediate

High tribute paid to young Australian singers who star in "Youth Show"

Peggy McDonald, a 16-year-old girl from Chatswood, and 19-year-old Peggie Kerr, from Marrickville, who will be co-stars in the first "Youth Show" from 2GB, have at least one similar quality . . . They both can sing.

Peggy McDonald at present is unknown outside her immediate circle, but audiences at rehearsals have called her "The girl with the sweetest voice on the air."

examination in 1938, and since has been studying for a commercial career as a stenographer.

During her last year at school she sang publicly for the first time

In Dick Fair's Children's Session from 2GB, and then followed one or two appearances at small concerts.

To her classmates at school it was much more important that she was vice-captain of the school hockey team, but following her appearance in Dick Fair's Session she commenced serious musical study.

More concert appearances followed, and on several occasions she sang again in Dick Fair's Session. It was because of her success then that Peggy McDonald's name was high on the list, when, a few weeks ago, officials at 2GB searched for talent for "The Youth Show."

There were many auditions, but Peggy McDonald secured the final selection for the first performance of "The Youth Show" as a sweet-voiced singer of popular songs and ballads.

Comparatively unknown to-day

she will soon be known to an immense nation-wide audience, and people at 2GB believe that overnight she will become a popular favorite.

When "The Youth Show" goes on the air it will have behind it some of the most comprehensive planning which any radio programme has had in Australia.

Rehearsals of the first performance were repeatedly recorded so that weaknesses and faults could be corrected.

Most of the people in the first cast could hardly believe their ears when a few days ago they heard one of the records of the rehearsal.

For most of them it was the first time they had heard their own voices, and few people can recognise their own voices when they hear a recording played back to them.

Peggie Kerr, the "swingster" of the first performance of "The Youth Show," needs no introduction to radio audiences in N.S.W.

On the stage, on the air, in popular cabarets, and on the concert platform her voice and her personality have earned for her an enviable prestige and popularity.

At 19 she has been described as the outstanding dance band vocalist in Australia, and her appearance in the first programme of "The Youth Show" will win for her a Commonwealth-wide popularity as great as that which she enjoys in Sydney.

# IN THE HOME-



# Drink

# a daily glass of TOOTH'S

# SHEAF STOUT

IN BOTTLES • HALF BOTTLES & BABY BOTTLES

## Our readers behind the war effort

### Hundreds of helpful letters

Australia's war effort now has the woman's touch.

To The Australian Women's Weekly have come scores of letters, written by women from every corner of the Commonwealth, analysing Australia's war effort, criticising, praising, offering inspiration, according to the individual outlook of the writers.

"Do you think this suggestion might prove helpful?" many say in their carefully written little notes.

One woman from a tiny inland town in New South Wales sent along her ideas of how to save a little money which would go towards buying a War Savings Certificate.

By careful management and the denial of her one luxury a week, a bag of chocolates, she is prepared to pay 2/- a week towards a Savings Certificate, and said she was sure she could manage to do so for the duration of the war.

Only two shillings . . . Yet how much it is . . .

We have selected just a few of the letters that are pouring in to this office daily.

Truly feminine but warmly maternal is the suggestion of a New South Wales reader who says:—

"How wonderful it would be if all intending foster parents for the little refugees could welcome them in their own language."

"If lists of words important to child life were printed with greetings, names of toys, foods, and so on, what a difference it would make in the first difficult days of the meetings."

Another writer says:—

"This war is teaching us one good lesson, that everyone, young and old, is of value in the national service."

### All can help

PEOPLE of 60 and 65 used to be told by governments and employers that they were too old to hold a job.

"Yet men like Mr. Churchill have proved of inestimable benefit, because of the skill and experience accumulated in a long lifetime."

As an inducement to encourage our American friends to help as much as possible, a writer suggests that all Australians should write constantly to their personal friends in America.

"Not just to ask for help," she says.

"But to show them that here, so far from the heart of the Empire, we are working for our country as hard as we can. We must beat the German propaganda."

Irritation at the demands of

bureaucracy was expressed in the following letter:

"Australia needs men is the cry, yet a lad I know wanting to join the R.A.A.F. applied by post to a District Registrar's office for his birth certificate, sending the usual 2/6 and asking that the letter be answered promptly."

"Back came a note, incorrectly dated, and a fee of 6/- was demanded."

The problem of maintaining themselves and their families while their husbands are away with the troops has caused many women to write and offer solutions.

One woman states:

### In barracks

"If wives and their children were quartered in barracks and looked after by the Government, at least the husbands would not have to worry about the welfare of their families while they are overseas."

Several correspondents ask why women are not being taught to use a rifle, and where is the Australian counterpart of the Finnish Lotta Svard (women's army).

Comments and suggestions range from such subjects as wet or dry canteens, Fifth Column activities, should women be trained to fight or pilot war planes, down to plans for avoiding waste in house-keeping.

One of the most admirable features of the enormous quantity of letters is that less than half-a-dozen have made any suggestion whereby PAYMENT for war work is required. Women take for granted that their war service is voluntary.

A little unusual this suggestion, but it has a worth-while idea:

"In this war time, with our opportunities for interesting film production, we should be able to influence the topay-turvy world in our unique country and animals."

"As yet untouched by war, Australia could show the world pictures of what a century of peace and industry can produce in happy prosperity."

**Peachbloom**  
BEAUTY LOTION  
GIVES YOUR HANDS AND FACE  
YOUTHFUL LOVELINESS



## Betty's "racey" narratives

Long-shot doubles  
on the two Cups

Although racing may be curtailed, I suppose we will have the Melbourne Cup as usual this year.

Why I'm talking of the Melbourne Cup is because I'm getting ready to pounce on the books when they bring out their double charts.

SO I've been wading through the entries for all the great events, the Epsom and Metrop, and the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups.

In the Caulfield Cup I find Reading as much to my fancy as any other horse.

Mosaic and Malka proved the best two-mile stayers of last autumn, but Rivette beat them in the last Melbourne Cup.

But Sydney's Lady Mayoresa, who owns Mosaic, assures me that he was a sick horse in Melbourne last Cup time.

And Mrs. Crick says he is going to be a great horse in the new season. So I suppose, that being the case, he is one of the likeliest Melbourne Cup horses.

The Melbourne Cup is the only race Rivette is entered for this year. Last year she won the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups.

She hasn't been able to complete a preparation since. Her legs are not what they were, poor thing.

### Young stayer

DICKIE says that people of Turf insight are saying that John is the most promising of the stayers among the rising generation.

He won the rich Champagne Stakes at Randwick last Easter. Wouldn't it be great to see a lady-owner with a Derby and Melbourne Cup colt?

He is owned by Mrs. Pat Osborne, wife of an A.J.C. committeeman.

Binnia Hero is a horse I like very much, and I'm wondering if he will turn out a Metropolitan horse or a Melbourne Cup horse.

Lucky George Price has so many good horses in the Epsom it seems probable that he will win it.

He ran first and second in the Doncaster over the same distance at Randwick at Easter, with Mildura and Beaulivre, and has both in the Epsom.

Beaulivre, you will recall, is from New Zealand, but he also has another said to be better coming from across the Tasman, Beaupartir. But my preference is for Mildura. I think he will be a certainty again this coming spring.

But we must move on to immediate chances.

For Canterbury this Saturday I have the tip that Glamour Star, the champion two-year-old of the provincial courses, is ready to win the Nursery Handicap.

The Head Waiter tells me to put all I can afford on Pen in the Flying Handicap.

He is a New Zealand horse, and better now than he's ever been before.

Tickle is being saved up for another win in the Canterbury Handicap or Campsie, because she likes this track, and shows best form here—and especially if Darby Munro rides her.

I hope it's the Canterbury Handicap Tickle tackles, because there is a syndicate tip for the Campsie Handicap, and it is Masterpiece, who has been especially prepared for this race.

### FEELING DEPRESSED?

Do you ever feel so depressed that you don't care what happens? It is an unnatural state. The red corpuscles in your blood are deficient and unable to supply energy. Build rich, new blood with Karna Vita, the liver extract, and feel the tingle of a healthy body again. Powders or tablets from your chemist.\*

# HOLD EVERYTHING!...

## "SURE TO GET IT AT -"



# GRACE BROS



# WINTER SALE

.. COMMENCING ..

# THURSDAY

## JUNE 27th AT 9 A.M.

## BIG PRICE REDUCTIONS AND

# 2! IN THE £

# DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL

## BUY NOW AND SAVE!

We emphatically impress upon all shoppers (if future "Sorry—cannot procure!" disappointments are to be avoided) the absolute necessity of securing all present and future needs NOW! Soaring Prices and restricted supplies on both Local and Imported goods are inevitable, but while present stocks last we will continue to offer them at Sydney's lowest prices, and during our Sale, which commences tomorrow, many lines will be drastically reduced, and the extra saving of 2/- in the £ discount will be taken off your bill—the only exceptions being:—CASH & CARRY GROCERIES, REFRESHMENT ROOMS, PROVISION DEPT., QUICK SALES DEPT., and a few Proprietary Articles.

The Store with only Two Store-Wide Sales each year!

GRACE BROS. PTY., LTD., - BROADWAY, - SYDNEY

PHONE M6506



# SHIPBOARD PICTURES AS THE A.I.F. LEFT



ADDITIONAL BUNKS OF OREGON PINE WERE BUILT INTO LUXURY CABINS. N. SUTTON, D. NUNN, AND V. TERRY PROMPTLY TRIED THEM OUT

● News of the arrival in England of troops from Australia and New Zealand has thrilled the Empire. As Mr. Menzies put it, our boys are where they can best assist the Allied cause.



## THREE FAVOURITES for EVERY HOME

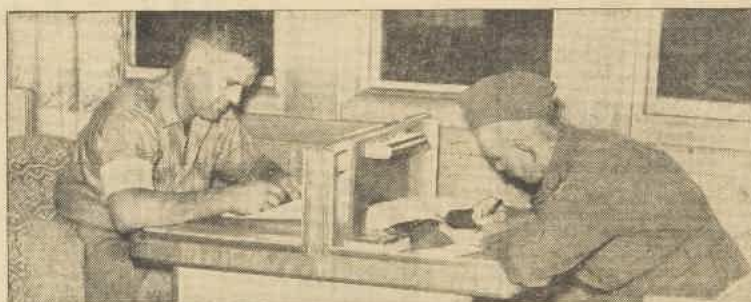
- Your old Favourite  
**FOUNTAIN SELF-RAISING FLOUR**  
(PICTURE CARDS IN EVERY PACKET)
- Just like Home Made  
**FOUNTAIN TOMATO SAUCE**
- Makes the Best Scones  
**FOUNTAIN BAKING POWDER**  
(PICTURE CARDS IN EVERY 1LB. TIN)

**COLLECT COUPONS FROM ALL  
3 EXCELLENT FOUNTAIN PRODUCTS  
TOGETHER WITH ALL OTHER 15 DOUGLASS PRODUCTS  
BOYS AND GIRLS!**

COLLECT PICTURE CARDS OF FAMOUS BRITISH PLANES AND PILOTS —  
FOUND IN EVERY PACKET OF FOUNTAIN FLOUR.

### TO PICTURE CARD COLLECTORS

A complete set of latest pictures of Ships of the Royal Navy are now being packed in "Fountain" tins. "Fountain" Custard Powder and "Fountain" Baking Powder.



SERGT. D. BOOTH AND PRIVATE HARDWICKE LETTER-WRITING IN LUXURY



BRIGADIER MORSEHEAD AND OFFICERS RELAX ON GREEN BROCADE CHAIRS

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

vanish permanently when treated with "VANIX." The application of which is simple, painless, and harmless.

### "VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co. is not a deplacé—it is a pleasantly perfumed lotion which attacks the hair tissues, dissolving and finally destroying them completely. "VANIX" is priced at 5/6 a bottle (5/10 posted) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 202 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branch stores: Swift's Pharmacy, 272 1/2 Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; and Birks Chemist, Ltd., 57 and 57A Rundle St., Adelaide.

## A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCT INSIST UPON

# ALLY SALMON



# A.I.F. arrives to lend hand in England

*How big convoy sailed away*



"MANMOUNTAIN" A. F. CLARK, heaviest man in his unit, shoulders his kit to go aboard the troopship.

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

We thought the second embarkation of troops from New South Wales who are now in England would be much the same as the first.

There were the same trains blackening the early morning air with smoke, the same chalked remarks about Hitler, the same thump of feet on the wharf, but there the resemblance ended.

Though they wore the same uniform and carried the same kit the men seemed different.

**M**OST of them had been in camp for nearly six months, had become well-disciplined soldiers, and were glad to be on their way.

They moved out of the trains quickly and quietly.

As the troopship was anchored in the harbor there were no earlier trainloads to welcome later arrivals on the wharf with singing and shouted remarks.

Boarding the ferries was just one more stage in a journey to a war.

With the experience of one embarkation behind them there was not the same anxious tension among the embarkation officers.

The movement of thousands of men from camp to the troopships was so meticulously organized that the last trainload of men were aboard ahead of schedule.

The embarkation was carried out by a simple system of numbers.

Major Clayton, the Embarkation Officer, explained the system.

"Each man received his invitation to the party—a numbered card.

"For weeks the men have practised embarkation drill. Each man falls in according to his number and knows exactly where his place is in the ranks."

The men marched from the camp in numbered order. On the road near the station their kits were set out in the same order and they picked them up without hesitation as they marched past.

They filed into the trains in

numerical order, lined up—500 men to a train and 500 men to a ferry—and marched on to the ferries to a pre-arranged plan, so that when they crossed the pontoon and filed up the gangway they were still moving into their cabins in numerical order.

In this way embarkation officers on the ship knew immediately if a man was missing—either through last-minute illness or if he had missed his unit when leaving camp.

A radio station on the wharf received messages from the ship when replacements were needed.

## Ferry crews

A GROUP of reinforcements stood near the radio station, and there was an excited movement forward whenever a message came through.

Eleven men sailed for overseas sooner than they had hoped to.

It was a proud day for the ferry crews.

The captains stood straight as admirals as the men filed on. The gangway was lowered with a naval flourish and the little boats swayed down the harbor, stopping with a great puff of smoke alongside the rocking pontoon below the black sides of the huge ship towering a hundred feet above it.

First man aboard the first ferry was Lieut.-Col. Hobbs, son of General Hobbs, of W.A.

Last man aboard the last ferry was Private J. Tunbridge, of Tasmania.

They thundered up the gangways—tall, lean Queenslanders, fresh-

faced Tasmanians, a few aborigines, very young men in anti-tank units, among them many recruits from New Guinea, bushmen and business men, one politician—Adjutant Murray Robson, Member for Vaucluse; the heaviest man in the brigade—"Manmountain" A. F. Clark, from N.S.W.; the tallest man—Lieut. Arthur Head, from Queensland; and the shortest man—Private MacNally.

But it wouldn't be an Australian Army if there weren't a few irrepressibles.

Jimmy Franklin, an aborigine, played his mouth organ, and others joined in.

A tall man unwrapped a framed photograph of his wife in bridal dress and showed it round proudly. "I'm ill in bed, matron," a voice shouted to Matron Kearney, who walked to farewell the nursing sisters.

A private smuggled Flannagan, jun., a rabbit, aboard in his kitbag.

Another wore a spiked German helmet, souvenir of the last war. A pair of pale blue silk pyjamas was dropped on the wharf to be trampled on by succeeding trainloads of heavy boots.

## Smooth organisation

PTE. DON VICKERY had chalked skull and crossbones on his tin hat. Pte. P. Sweeney waved a pineapple above his head.

Because the embarkation ran so smoothly the embarkation officers had time to be human.

One of the first arrivals at the wharf gates was a pretty girl with an armful of colored ribbons.

When she was told she could not go through the gates she asked an officer please to find Corporal Walters and give him the ribbons, and gave full details of his number and unit.

The officer found the corporal's unit, sent the ribbons aboard with a message that his wife was wearing a brown suit and would wave from the hill behind the wharf.

When the second shipload were embarking a head came out of a porthole.

"Sir, I've got a complaint to make," its owner said to an officer from headquarters. The officer came over to the porthole. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"There's two of us in this cabin and we haven't got a private bathroom."

"Dear, dear," said the officer with a grin, "we'll have to do something about that."

When the harbor was wider awake Sydney and the A.I.F. staged a farewell that lasted nearly non-stop from midday on Saturday till Sunday.

Soldiers dangled their legs, some in striped pyjamas, out of the portholes.

Coos and choruses, hooting of

ships' sirens, and shouted remarks to small boats competed with the roar of trams and trains across the Harbor Bridge.

Khaki figures streamed up the rigging, half a dozen looked out from the crow's-nest.

Others found the spiral staircase inside one of the funnels. They climbed into the lifeboats and even crossed forbidden land near the captain on the bridge.

Brigadier Morshead made an impressive arrival at the ship. A launch drew up beside the pontoon and the Brigadier stepped out, followed by a party of important officers.

Officers and men on the pontoon sprang to attention and saluted. But the Brigadier's dignity broke down when his men, leaning perilously out of the portholes, shouted friendly, unmilitary remarks. As he walked to the gangway he looked up, grinned, and waved to them.

Some of the luxury furnishing of

the liner was stored to make room for extra accommodation, but many of the beautifully decorated suites and lounges remained untouched.

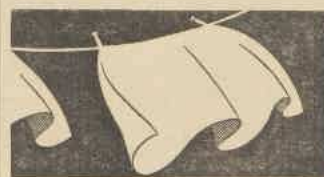
There were still thousands of pounds' worth of murals and pictures painted by famous artists on the walls.

The thick carpets, sage-green silk hangings, and dull gold bas-relief murals were left in the main lounge. Deeply upholstered chairs, covered in pale sage-green silk, that have groined beneath the weight of big business men, now framed the muscular figures of khaki-clad Australian officers.

Two swimming-pools and a gymnasium, sports decks, music rooms and writing rooms were used by the troops.

In the wide promenades piles of chairs and sofas and several grand pianos were stored behind barriers.

Continued at foot Page 40



**WHITE Clothes**

*turn*  
**YELLOW**



*unless they have the last rinse in BLUE...* White things that have gone greyish-yellow can only be restored to sparkling whiteness with a last rinse in Blue water on wash-days. . . . Remember! There can be no pure white without Blue.

**Reckitt's BLUE**  
*Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!*



## Episode at Dawn

THE others were dancing, but the band must have guessed from the look on George's face what was happening, for about five of them whose instruments were not too heavy to carry came along to help. They stood in a group round the table, playing the most sentimental songs they knew while George, discovering their presence a minute too late, continued to blurt out his love.

He didn't describe the scene in detail, but I gather that Dinah refused him. She said that she was very fond of him, but in a place like Streisau one might get fond of anybody; that the wine and the music and the luminous moon that shined over Streisau were all very marvellous and romantic and all that but they were not marriage. That was something far more serious—if George thought it over in the calmer atmosphere of his

office in England he would feel differently.

Whereupon she got up and danced with Count Paul and the musicians returned disconsolately to their seats.

For some minutes George sat in the deepest despondence. Dinah was with Count Paul, the Baron was dancing with Maria, and Aunt Maud was discussing picture-galleries in voluble but inaccurate French with Maria's elderly chaperon. (All respectable girls in Streisau are chaperoned). Presently it occurred to him that he was making a fool of himself and that was what George, like most Englishmen, feared more than anything else.

He decided to dance with somebody.

Now in Streisau, as in the rest of that country, there is a surplus male population. This is very plea-

sant for the girls, and has led the locals to take up the custom of "cutting in," like American undergraduates do. One must use tact, of course, and only pick on a couple to whom one has been introduced.

The only people present who qualified at the moment were the Baron and Maria. So George walked up and cut in. The Baron bowed, and George bowed, and bowed to the girl, and the girl smiled—one does this sort of thing all the time—and away they went.

She was a pretty little thing, but George never got to know her well, partly because he was not in a state to notice the existence of any other woman but Dinah, and partly because he couldn't speak the language. That didn't matter, as a rule, because Paul interpreted for him, and most of the locals speak

Continued from Page 7

either English or French—of which George had a halting smattering. However, Paul had taught him the three vital phrases of his mother tongue in case of emergency.

They were, "I kiss your hand," which is what you say instead of "How do you do," when you meet a girl, "I want a pint of lager," and "Where is the cloakroom?"

George made a few remarks in English in a pleasant tone of voice, at which the girl smiled. Then he decided that it might be taken as rather a gesture if he ventured a word or two in the lingo. So he said: "I kiss your hand."

At least that is what George thinks he said, but in the state of mind he was in at the moment it is quite possible that he used one of the other phrases by mistake. Dinah, to this day, is convinced that he asked the astonished girl the way to the cloakroom. On the other hand it is possible that George's accent was so bad that the Baron thought he was saying something quite different. He was just coming up to cut in on George as he spoke, and he heard it. The girl looked a bit startled, and Baron Ferdinand was really angry. His duelling scars went bright red, and he demanded stiffly in broken English what George meant by insulting his fiancée.

George tried to tell him it was a mistake, but the Baron's English wasn't too good and he either couldn't or wouldn't understand. It was all very silly and undignified really, but George felt that the Baron was being deliberately and unnecessarily truculent, so he stood his ground and told him not to be such an ass.

THEY stood there arguing in the middle of the floor, and half the dancers stopped and watched them. Suddenly the Baron raised his arm as if to strike him.

George wasn't going to stand that, so he got his blow in first. The Baron got his jaw out of the way just in time, and George's fist struck his shoulder just hard enough to dislodge his monocle from his eye.

"So!" the Baron exclaimed, and in one movement bowed from the waist, clicked his heels, and thrust a visiting-card into George's hand.

Dinah and Count Paul had observed the quarrel from the other end of the room. The moment the blows were exchanged the band stopped, and with a hasty apology Paul left Dinah with Aunt Maud and shot across to see what was the trouble. He arrived in time to see the Baron screwing his monocle back into his eye and glaring through it at George, who was staring stupidly at the square of pasteboard in his hand.

"What do I do about this?" "Give him one of yours," said Paul.

For an amateur, George gave a very neat rendering of the bow-click-and-card trick. The Baron remarked curtly that his friends would call in the morning, and, thrusting George's card into his pocket, strode from the room.

Count Paul led George gently but firmly to the bar.

Please turn to Page 42

# Don't miss this SPECIAL OFFER!

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CHEDDAR CHEESE

1 oz. VEGEMITE

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DISTRICTS

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**This Special Offer closes Shortly — BUY NOW!**

## A.I.F. arrives in England

Continued from Page 39

TABLES and chairs in the giant first-class dining-room were replaced with long tables and benches to accommodate two thousand men.

Ten and twelve bunks in two tiers replaced one or two polished, satin-covered beds in many of the cabins. The shop show-cases in the huge main foyer were all empty except one.

A showcase still contained its pink satin tailor's dummy. It had already been christened "Gertie" before the ship sailed.

The men overran the ship under the startled but tolerant watch of the ship's crew.

"They seem terribly energetic," said the English main long steward, "but they're decent young chaps."

"This lounge is reserved for the officers, but there were sixty of the men sitting in here earlier. We didn't chase them out as it was their first day aboard."

"I'm bushed," was the chorus on all sides as the men went on tours of exploration along the corridors that seem to run the length of three ordinary ships.

In a lifeboat near the bridge we found "Granny's Chickens" relaxing in a lifeboat. Members of the Army Service Corps, they have given themselves this nickname as their officer in charge is Lieutenant "Granny" Morris.

### For officers

ACROSS the foyer the library, reserved for officers, was complete with the furnishings and books provided for millionaire tourists. Books include telephone directories for the main cities of England and America.

Officers hung up their army coats in the panelled wardrobes of the bridal suites, still decorated with delicate pastel pictures, softly shaded lights and sumptuous hangings.

The beauty parlor showed the most drastic transformation. Perfumes, powders, shampoos, and scented air were replaced with the utilitarian trappings of a men's barber's shop.

Looking into the mirror that has framed the hair-dos of orchidaceous blondes and exotic brunettes was the sun-tanned fisting-jawed face of a soldier having his hair cut.

While hundreds of the men were assembled on deck for life-boat drill others stretched out in their bunks to rest.

A few gathered round the piano in one of the recreation rooms where a private was rendering a very "oompa oompa" version of a popular tune.

They were so enthralled they failed to notice the Governor-Gen-

eral, Lord Gowrie, with an official party of high military and naval dignitaries passing through on a tour of inspection.

He said good-bye to the men as they waited to file in to dinner.

"Good-bye. I've enjoyed seeing you all and I only wish I were going with you," he said.

"Cheerio, sir," a roar of hundreds of voices shouted.

On a misty, wet Sunday morning hundreds of people gathered at vantage points round the harbor to see the ships pass out of sight.

From a harborside window we waved improvised banners—a striped beach towel, a tartan skirt and a check tablecloth.

We wondered if they could see us waving. We wondered how many more times we would have to wave to black ships leaving the harbor.



### MAKE NO MISTAKE

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- Dries quickly, vanishes completely.
- Use before or after shaving.
- Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days.
- Ends perspiration odour.
- Won't irritate skin or rot dresses.
- Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.

GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TO-DAY

1/- and 2/-

from all good Chemists and Stores.



# "If the blitzkrieg came to My Door!"

Woman ponders on grave problem of war panic

By ELIZABETH WILMOT

Every Englishwoman who is to-day going quietly about her home duties is a heroine. It takes a deal of courage to carry on baking a cake with one ear cocked for the air-raid siren or the rumble of gunfire.

LIKE a million other Australian women I am asking myself—how brave could I be at a time like that?

Most of us have lived all our lives without any real testing of our courage, of our physical flinchings and our mental resistance to panic.

Maybe we think we've had a share of danger. We've taken cracks at hockey, been tipped out of a boat into sharky waters, skipped from under trains, been hurt in car crashes.

But there the fear and the danger were so immediate and short-lived that we had little choice of cowardly or courageous action. It was all over in a flash.

We may have suffered the anxieties and pangs of childbirth, the fear and pain of operations and fevers. But these were human fears and pangs, softened by sympathy and comfort, relieved by skilful care, and with the risks minimised by the wisdom of science.

What English women face to-day is danger beyond these normal human ones, danger long anticipated, long dreaded, and now at the door.

It is a test beyond human tests, inhumanly devised and diabolically calculated to turn civilians into milling refugees.

And refugees in this war have been already proved to be a major military problem.

The piteous throngs of refugees on the roads of France helped to cripple the French army's communications.

Reinforcements were held up on roads blocked by thousands of women, children, and old people in flight from bombs and shells.

Troop and supply trains were left standing at sidings while their engines were coupled to trainloads of fleeing civilians.

So England is calling upon her women to show the supreme courage of staying still, and if you pause to think what that means you realise that no greater call to courage could be made.

A soldier is hardened by training to face a hail of steel and a deafening inferno of shot and shell and to go forward into the ordeal.

The civilian and particularly the



PITIFUL queue of refugee children and nuns in flight from Nazi terror on a Belgian road.

women of England have had little training and no experience to strengthen them in this way.

Between them and panic are only their own brave hearts and their confidence in the fighting men of England to protect them from the invader.

"The best defence of the country is the courage of her men and women. Think of country before self."

That is the essential message of the first pamphlet issued in England to instruct civilians what to do in the event of German invasion.

"Don't block the roads. Wait for official orders to move."

That is the practical application of the advice.

## Impulse to flee

IN effect England is asking its women to stand fast in the face of danger and to disobey that elemental, basic impulse to flee—an impulse that must come to them if the horror of war is near their homes.

I ask myself—would I have the steadfastness necessary to obey orders to "stay put" in my own home and not move unless told to even till the enemy came knocking on my door?

Elemental impulses, like the one to flee from danger, are urgent, compelling. To disobey such an impulse and to fight the panic that comes from such disobedience calls for resolution and courage of a high order.

What I fear in myself is that my courage would be high when the enemy was fifty miles away being held on a strong line of defence, but that it would crack when he was ten miles off and that line broken.

When the invader was fifty miles off, to pack my children in a car and drive them to an aunt in the country would probably be no menace to military movements. But I might be brave then.

With the enemy nearer, would my courage break and my resolution to stay be shaken by immediate fears?

Then I WOULD become a liability, rushing to take the roads needed

for vital reinforcements, hampering military action by my presence and my need of protection.

It is this agony that English women face to-day—and they face it strong in will.

They know of the measures taken to make every town and village in little England a fortress against the enemy.

They know what has happened in France, Belgium, Holland.

They know this war is different from the last. Then the refugee problem was one for humane interest, an opportunity for willing helpers to take in and shelter the victims of invasion.

The battle line staggered back and forth in its death struggle, but it did not overtake its victims in flight.

To-day enemy motorized units penetrate far ahead of the battle zone proper. Miles from the guns, scores of miles, there is still danger. English women know, too, of the appalling dangers of the road.

To be on the road is not to be safe. It is to be exposed to the machine-gun bullets and the bombs of enemy planes. It is to be hungry, thirsty, cold.

What's more, flight means separation from family, friends, relatives, from the district authorities who have been detailed for their protection and succor.

The pitiful stories of notes left on posts and signboards along the French roads in the hope that families may be reunited in safety ahead are evidence of this shattering disintegration.

## Her courage

THE Englishwoman, indeed, knows that in her home there is shelter. In her pantry there is food, and about her is the strong arm of England on guard.

So she—the woman in the home—becomes a soldier. She has been taught what measures she can take there against raids, against gas, against fire.

But it is in her own heart she must find the vital weapon that makes a soldier—courage.

We know the women of England will find it there.

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It's entirely new, a cream that every woman has waited for and which is now available from "Classique" laboratories. "Classique" Beauty Skin Vanishing Cream is entirely different from anything you have ever tried. It is so pure, so nourishing and so delightful in results that it might well be called a doctor's beauty prescription. "Classique" actually feeds the skin and banishes roughness and other blemishes which rob you of loveliness. It produces a vital smoothness that will delight you. Write now for a full month's supply at the amazingly low price of 2/6 post paid, or two month's supply for 4/6 post paid.

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at least TEN PER CENT. This applies, of course, to everything in the store with the exception of a few proprietary lines and tobacco. To effect rapid clearance lots of lines are being sold for half and third price.

49/11 COAT and SKIRT Yours for . . .

37'6

We sold hundreds of these at their usual price. Now at this new high in value you'll need to act quickly! Check Coat and matching plain skirt in simulated Harris Tweed. Plain or action backs. SSW, SW, or W. 49/11. Now 37'6.

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Two separate 15'11. Short sleeved Pullover and a long sleeved Cardigan. Exquisite shades include Green, Navy, Rose, Wine, Red, or Blue. SSW and W. The two for 15/11.

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Pure wool 21'6. h o p a e slacks for ladies. Cull bottoms, one side pocket and belted. Navy, grey, bottle or brown. 25' to 30' waists. Sale, 21/6.

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8/11 BOYS' AND YOUTHS' FLANNELETTE PJAMAS	6/-
23/6 YOUTHS' TAN OR BLACK OXFORD SHOES (no mail orders)	15/-
30/- HEAVY ALL WOOL RUGS, Checked and Fringed. Size 60 x 80in.	22/6

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wash your hair—  
see the difference

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ENGLISH PRODUCT

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Day and night piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary. Let DOAN'S Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itching skin complaints. But, be sure you get DOAN'S.

**DOAN'S OINTMENT**

"WHAT on earth was all that in aid of?" George demanded. "What have his friends got to do with it?"

"His friends? Oh yes, his friends," said Paul airily. "Don't bother about that. You can leave it all to me."

For the first time it dawned on George that he had been challenged to a duel, and had accepted the challenge.

"But—here, I say!"

"You will fight, of course?" said Paul.

George hesitated. He had no quarrel with the Baron. Indeed it was purely a misunderstanding, and he would be quite prepared to apologise. Again, the Baron was a soldier, and presumably well practised with swords, pistols or whatever it was that the duel would be fought with. George had never handled either in his life.

On the other hand, he had heard terrible things about people who refused to fight duels in that country. To refuse was to make yourself less than the dust. You would just be a rotter, and nobody would speak to you at all. And George was Count Paul's guest. He could not let him down in the eyes of his friends. From the way Paul said, "You will fight, of course," it was obvious that the idea of George's doing anything else had never entered his head.

But the point which really decided him was one I have mentioned before—that like most Englishmen he would go to almost any lengths to avoid making a fool of himself.

"What do I do about seconds?" he asked.

"Simple," said Paul. "I will be one, and for the other—why, we can invite any army officer to act. It would not be etiquette to refuse. I will find one while you are ordering the drinks."

George ordered quite a lot of drinks that night.

The man chosen by Count Paul as his fellow-second was a blond, bullet-headed young cavalry officer named Lieutenant Storm. These two foregathered on the following morning to discuss the details with the Baron's seconds in a local wine shop, leaving George to pace miserably up and down the Count's sitting-room. Here he was, engaged to fight a duel with an experienced swordsman, about a girl he didn't care two hoots about. It was true that he had little left to live for, but that was no consolation.

In desperation he rummaged in the cupboard and found a bottle of Count Paul's Tokay. He was getting nicely into it when the telephone bell rang. It was Dinah.

## Episode at Dawn

Continued from Page 40

"George," she cried, "you aren't going to fight this duel, are you?"

"The indications," said George, "are all that way."

"But you'll be killed."

"One of us will be. I'm going out to take some fencing lessons."

"Oh, don't be silly, George. You can't go through with this."

"Why not?"

"Well, to begin with, duelling is illegal."

"Nobody cares about that in this country. It isn't etiquette to refuse, and they pay much more attention to etiquette than to law. Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Well, dash it, Dinah, I can't back out of it now. It isn't as if I was married or anything. These fellows set a lot of store by this sort of thing. They judge the English people by the few that come over here. If I backed out now it might make all the difference to whose side they fight on in the next war."

"Oh, do be serious, George. There won't be a war. Please won't you listen to me? You mustn't go on with it. You can apologise, can't you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

**P**ARTLY because I

think the Baron has the manners of a blue-nosed baboon whose ears don't match, and partly—well, dash it, it's too late. My seconds are even now choosing a pretty site for it."

"George," said Dinah. "If you fight this duel I'll never speak to you again."

"D'you mean that?"

"Yes, honestly. Now what about it?"

"Well..." George hesitated.

"So you don't care for me at all," snapped Dinah. "Well, that suits me," and she hung up the receiver.

By the time George got through to her hotel again she had gone out. He spent a miserable hour trying to trace her, and then he went out to his fencing lesson.

When he got back he discovered that Count Paul had been given the choice of weapons, and had voted for pistols.

"But good heavens," George exclaimed. "I thought you told me that the Baron is a crack revolver shot."

"He is. But revolver champions are often quite inaccurate with pistols," said Paul blandly.

"But I've never fired a pistol in my life."

"It is quite easy. You just point it at him and pull the trigger. All that is necessary now is to hire a car and engage a doctor. He will require double the normal fee, of course, because duelling is illegal. Will you take a glass of wine, my dear George? You are looking a little below the weather as you English put it."

George was feeling several degrees below the weather when the procession set off at six the following morning. He had a bad headache, and Paul and Lieutenant Storm were talking so cheerfully that he wanted to kick them.

Although the duel was supposed to be a secret, about fifty people had collected, including the local chief of police, who had arrived in mufti to watch the fun, and the representatives of the local Press. There was a great deal of standing about, bowing, shaking hands, and paying compliments, none of which did George's nerves any good. Finally, George and the Baron took off their coats and marched into the middle of the field, accompanied by the referee, the doctor, the four seconds and a photographer.

It was at that moment that another car drove up, and Dinah and Aunt Maud got out of it.

The referee asked George if he wanted to apologise. George shook his head. The next thing he realised was that he and the Baron were standing back to back, and the referee, a long way off, was saying, in French for George's benefit:

"I shall call 'One, two, three, march!' When I say 'march,' take five paces, turn and fire!"

George shifted his eyes towards the crowd. He could see Dinah and Aunt Maud as a faint blur. Then came the referee's voice, and he forgot everything.

"Un. Deux. Trois. Marchez!" From a long distance Dinah saw the two figures separate, and the distance lengthen between them. She drew a deep breath and clutched hard at her handbag.

Now they were ten paces apart. In agony Dinah saw them turn, like figures in a slow-motion picture. There was a puff of smoke from the Baron's pistol, and a loud bang. George seemed to stagger sideways.

"George!" She tried to rush towards him, but strong hands held her back. There was a sudden gasp from the crowd. George seemed to recover himself. He raised his pistol and pointed it straight at the Baron's head. He stood like that for a full minute, while the Baron remained perfectly still, clutching his empty pistol. Then, abruptly, George lowered his weapon and fired into the ground.

"Etes-vous content?" George turned towards the referee. "What? Oh yes. I'm satisfied if he is. I mean out!"

"Et vous?"

## FRIDAY NIGHT

I like the sights  
On Friday nights  
As up the town I go:  
I love to stop  
And window-shop  
Where diamonds gleam and  
glow:  
I long for things  
Like emerald rings,  
Then down the next Arcade,  
A blouse of net  
Or blue gerorgette  
And earrings made in jade.

I like the sights  
On Friday nights  
I study hungrily  
A dress in white  
(Divine for night)  
And think of it on me.  
I stand and gaze  
At orchid sprays  
And furs of Arctic fox:  
For these I sigh  
But only buy  
A pair of tennis socks.

Noelle Taylor.

The Baron nodded curtly. "I am satisfied," he said, then rushed forward to shake George by the hand. "My dear Mr. Martel, I sincerely hope you are not hurt."

"Oh, rather not. I turned round on the wrong foot, and nearly tripped myself up. You missed me."

Then everybody rushed up with effusive congratulations, but all George realised was that Dinah was in his arms.

"Oh, George, I'm so glad you're all right. I'm sorry I was such a pig to you. I didn't realise how much I loved you. I saw you in danger. Oh, George, please say that you'll marry me the moment we get home!"

"Well," said George slowly, "since you insist..."

Everybody thought that George's firing into the ground when he had the Baron at his mercy was the most sporting thing they had ever seen. What with duel parties and engagement parties, and the quite stupendous party Count Paul threw when George gave him his old pair of grey flannel trousers, there were such celebrations as Strelau has never seen since the assassination of the wicked King Maximilian XVI.

"You know," I said, when he had told me this story, "it was very sporting of you to fire into the ground like that when you had him at your mercy. There was nothing in the local rules to prevent your shooting him, and he'd certainly asked for it."

"But, my dear fellow," George explained, "I couldn't do anything else. There he was, a sitting shot, and my hand was shaking so much that I couldn't have hit a haystack at ten paces, let alone a Baron. If there's one thing I hate beyond anything else, it's making a fool of myself."

"Dear George," said Dinah, and pressed his hand affectionately.

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## ARE YOU AGEING FASTER THAN YOUR HUSBAND?

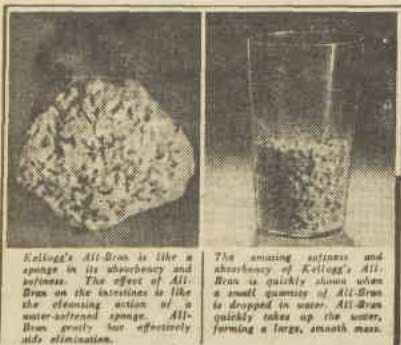
**HARSH LAXATIVES ruin your LOOKS...  
make you an old woman:**

Struggling day after day against the overwhelming odds of a sluggish run-down system. Looking years older than you are—and feeling older, too! Harsh laxatives are at last taking their toll of your youth and beauty.

Here's the truth about constipation.

Harsh laxatives shock your system into action. Their day after day use ruins the natural peristaltic action of the bowels. Bowels become weak, flabby, and tired. Constipation is caused by lack of sufficient "bulk" in the diet. Kellogg's All-Bran is a generous source of this natural "bulk". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination. Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran daily, eaten as breakfast cereal with milk and sugar are usually sufficient. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.

**Kellogg's  
All-Bran**



Kellogg's All-Bran is like a sponge in its absorbency and softness. The effect of All-Bran on the intestines is like the cleansing action of a water-softened sponge. All-Bran gently but effectively aids elimination.

The amazing softness and absorbency of Kellogg's All-Bran is quickly shown when a small quantity of All-Bran is dropped in water. All-Bran quickly takes up the water, forming a large, smooth mass.

## How to clean false teeth easily

You need nothing but a tumbler of water and 'Steradent' powder (see directions on the tin). Leave your teeth in this solution overnight or regularly for 20 minutes while you dress. It penetrates every crevice, removes film and stains, and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. There is no risk of breaking or bending your plates through handling. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins 2/- and 3/6.



TRIAL OFFER: Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2543 B.B., G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

**Steradent**  
REGD. TRADE MARK  
cleans and sterilizes false teeth





## Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



## £1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

### GUIDE OURSELVES

**W**HY is it necessary for the people of Australia to tolerate the exponents of different "isms" in our midst? Surely we have the seeds of genius and leadership inspired by a love of this country germinating in our schools and universities, without having the doctrines of countries racially and climatically alienated from us instilled into our national life.

Our forefathers who laid the foundation of this land did not need any stimulation from outside sources to develop the country.

Hard work, determination, and the preservation of their family life were the guiding stars in the early pioneers' plan of living.

We have rested on their laurels and played too much during recent years.

Can't we be original in our designs for social, economic, and cultural foundations?

What a wealth of untapped resources we have here in Australia if we can only discover the means of their exploitation!

£1 for this letter to Mrs. K. H. Jamieson, 10 Willow Grove, East Kew, Vic.

### LET ANGER GO

**I**S it always wise to bottle up rage and resentment? Some of us do this until it ends in something like nervous collapse.

It is sometimes healthy to yield to strong feeling, to release pent-up emotions which otherwise would fester.

An explosion of anger like a fit of the blues will frequently restore equilibrium to the nature.

L. Smith, P.E.L. Sarina, Nth. Qld.

### Want too much fresh air in winter months

**T**HOSE "fresh-air cranks" who throw open train and tram windows, L. Danby (8/6/40), can be a perfect nuisance.

Excessively healthy themselves, they never stop for a second to think that others may be susceptible to colds and chills.

Their exuberance and scorn for the more delicate person only show their lack of thought for others.

If they want all the windows open, a polite query to the other passengers would make them far more popular.

The hearty individual who says that he "never feels the cold" cannot possibly be telling the complete truth.

K. C. McGrath, P.O., Sandy Bay, Tas.

### What about smokers?

**L**. DANBY presents a vivid picture of "those offensively healthy persons."

This is one extreme. May I point out the other, more frequent extreme of those smokers who get into non-smokers or smokers, shut every door and window in sight, and then produce evil-smelling pipes and pollute the air with unwholesome tobacco smoke?

I am sure I would prefer a so-called "cold freezing draught."

R. Thompson, 10 Walmea St., Burwood, N.S.W.

### Helps health

**T**HE individual who complains about too much fresh air is evidently not an office worker.

Those of us who are inside shops and offices all day are only too glad to breathe in as much fresh air as we can on our way to and from our jobs.

It gives us a chance to combat the heavy germ-laden atmosphere that we have to breathe for so many hours each day.

Miss N. Griffiths, Selwyn Ave., Elwood, Vic.

### Training schools as help to young mothers

**W**OMEN should pass an intelligence test before being allowed to rear children, M. Basher (8/6/40).

Many young mothers I know have spoilt their children to such an extent that when visiting friends they are allowed to run wild.

More than once I have seen a child jump up and down on a lounge suite with its shoes on.

If a mother does not object to this in her own home, why can't she train her child to respect other people's furniture?

Young mothers should note that there are numerous books on "How to Rear Children."

Elma L. Martin, 101 Holmes Rd., Moonee Ponds W4, Vic.

### Too indolent

**M**OST mothers of to-day seem to be either too indolent or too ignorant to give the child the training that will in after life be a heritage.

Many children are lacking in manners, have no idea of being careful of other people's property, and must be seen and heard first and foremost.

If Mother is speaking that does not matter. Their questions must be answered at once.

It is almost impossible for parents to take their children into other people's homes, because the furni-

### Do men neglect appearance after marriage?

**T**HERE are numerous middle-aged men who always look more or less unkempt, Mrs. Casey (8/6/40), but few middle-aged women with the same fault.

Perhaps the reason that women



Can be unkempt!

are advised to keep young, and thus keep their husbands, is that women age much more quickly than men.

Mrs. B. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

### Masculine vanity

**I**S there one man in ten who would imagine for a minute that once his wife is past her middle thirties she could lose interest in him?

Even at sixty, most men imagine they are irresistible to all women.

But the average man certainly considers that his wife should do all she can to keep looking young.

G. N. Lane, White Horse Rd., East Kew, Vic.

### Equal rights

**I**T is high time that someone began to tell men what to do to keep their wives' affection.

The wife's affection and respect are worth keeping as well as those of the husband.

Mrs. E. Dunn, O'Halloran Tce., Mt. Gambier, S.A.

### RISQUE JOKES

**D**O men respect girls who tell or listen to risque jokes?

Many modern girls, although they do not like them, are afraid that they will be thought unsporting and old-fashioned if they do not listen to and pretend to enjoy them.

Surely a girl would be more respected if the usual "I hope you're broadminded enough to appreciate this" was met with a smiling refusal?

Gwen Baker, Hill Crest, Cathecart, N.S.W.

### NEVER INTERFERE

**M**ANY parents interfere with their children's love affairs.

Sometimes they seem to be successful. The chosen person is proved to be completely unsatisfactory and the romance is ended.

But always a scar is left. Never again can there be quite the same relationship between parents and child. Something has come between them, and that something is interference.

In many cases the action is quite unwarranted. The child has chosen a suitable mate and the objections have only risen through unreasoning prejudice.

M. L. Norman, Whytecliffe St., Alhbin, Brisbane.

### LARGE TROUSSEAU

**W**HY do engaged girls immediately begin to accumulate stocks of household goods?

Recently I have been to see several "boxes," and was absolutely astounded at their contents. Apart from table linen—all most attractive, but in positively enormous quantities—there have been dozens of bath towels, guest towels, bridge cloths and breakfast sets.

Miss Caroline Barrie, 90 Ourimbah Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

For over 39 years hundreds of thousands of Thrifty Householders have used Gordon's Cash Orders and proclaimed them an equitable method of Cash Buying on Credit.

**Everything**  
for Father, Mother  
and the Children!

On Credit at the leading City and Suburban Cash Shops

Metropolitan Residents can buy Clothing, Footwear, Drapery, in fact, almost everything you need for yourself and your family with

**GORDON CASH ORDERS**

You choose your requirements from a number of the leading cash trading stores in city and suburbs—at actual cash prices—and enjoy the use of the goods while repaying Gordon's by easy instalments.

This very definite advantage will cost you only 1/- in the £ on the face value of your Cash Order.

### CASH LOANS

If unable to obtain your requirements with a Cash Order, Gordon's can accommodate you with a CASH LOAN on liberal terms.

APPLICATION FOR CASH ORDER OR CASH LOAN

Name .....

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569-581 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

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AND OTHERS  
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MRS. J. S. MASON  
AND OTHERS  
FOR CASH ORDERS

## LAUGHS AT THE RAIN!



"NIGO" REYNOLDS, on his regular stand in Pitt Street, Sydney, "Nigo" says, "Rain? It doesn't bother me. Mum's always ready with a hot cup of Bonox when I get home." Bonox keeps your head above the 'flu line, pours new strength straight into your bloodstream. Bonox builds up your resistance against colds and 'flu. Drop into any cafe, milk bar or hotel for a steaming cupful of Bonox. Or buy some on your way home. Have some before bed. Bonox is sold in 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16 oz. sizes.

ture and appointments are soon ruined.

A good schooling in this department would be of much avail to all. Aileen M. Rierdan, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

### Different age

**T**HE idea of letting a child have its own way all the time is just the swing of the pendulum following the age when children were seen but not heard.

Some women in their fear that they may hamper the development of the personality of their child go to the other extreme.

They allow it to lose all self-control, and it becomes unpopular at an age when it cannot possibly understand why.

The lack of control will also hamper it greatly in the future.

Mrs. J. S. Mason, P.O., Port Pirie, S.A.

### Use reason

**W**E may be more conscious of the presence of children that were the past generation, but our methods of training them are far better.

A child is usually a reasonable little being, and if he is told patiently why it is better for him not to do such and such a thing he will cease to do it.

If a child is definitely a "problem child" we should pity and not criticize its mother.

Training schools for such women would be of inestimable value.

Mrs. S. Peterson, Southport, Qld.





## Kisses JUST DON'T "HAPPEN"!

Make your lips magnetic! Use Tangee, it gives what every man dreams about... smooth, soft, natural lips.

Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to your very own shade of bluish-rose. Smooth it on a second time and they become a rosy-red. For a still more vivid color use Tangee Theatrical. Tangee goes on smoothly, stays longer for it has a special cream base. Discover your individual beauty, try Tangee tonight.

**World's Most Famous Lipstick**  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

## As one Girl to another...



When a woman says she's 25 she must be well over 30!

I hate to admit it—but Mary only looks 25!

Wonder how... Here she comes! Let's pump her!

Mary, you're looking younger every day, what's your secret?

... no secret, pet—just Revelry!

The creams are marvellously silky and the powder clings divinely.

And the price?

Relax, girls! They're only 1/- each!



# Revelry

The lightest of  
light Creams

1/-

The softest of Face Powders

1/-

Atkinson's • London and Sydney

HE said: "Now, Madame Ritter, I've told you that I want to make things as easy for you as I can, and I have something here that'll produce a complete relaxation of nerve tension. I want you to take it."

She watched him fumble in the bag for what he wanted. "I think you need it," she said, "but I'll take it. What is it? A shot in the arm?"

"No. It's taken by mouth. A tablet."

He held it up. "I want you to take one now and one every three hours. You have no watch, but you can more or less guess at the time." He took out his watch and looked at it. "Six o'clock," he said. Then he lifted her head suddenly and put the tablet between her lips. She swallowed it obediently and lay back.

"One every three hours," he repeated. "Do you understand?" He dropped the remaining tablets into an envelope. "I'll slip this under the mattress," he said. "So Hermann won't see it. She's such a fool!"

His eyes, which ordinarily looked so directly, evaded her.

"What are you doing?" she asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you do as I say?"

She watched him, more and more troubled. He didn't seem to be the young man she had known before, and on whom she had begun to depend.

"I wish I knew why you want me to do this," she said. "Is it a drug to deaden things for me?"

## Escape

Continued from Page 9

"Can't you leave this to me?" he said. "You've made the sort of life you wanted, broken laws when you thought it was necessary. Now you let me make the sort I want."

"I think you're upset," she said. "You don't seem yourself."

"Well, it doesn't matter now, does it? Will you take those tablets or won't you?"

"I suppose I will."

"I don't believe you."

"Does it mean so much to you?"

"Yes, it does. See here," he said, taking her roughly by the arm. "See here. You've told me to be a man. To think and act for myself. Now I'm doing it. I've been in prison, too. This is prison for me as much as it is for you. Now I tell you this: I don't choose to have you die that other way. Is that enough?"

She slackened her arm, so he let it go. She looked up into his blue, sparkling eyes. "Are you killing me?" she whispered.

"Shut up," he said. "Here comes Hermann."

She came stumping in with two blankets over her arm and a hot-water bottle. The doctor took the bottle from her and felt it. He put it inside the covers next to Emma's side and Hermann spread the blanket.

"You remember what I told you," he said bullyingly. "Warm all night, see? That means you keep awake, if necessary, and I don't care how you do that. A fine business it'll be for you if they come here Wednesday morning and you have to say, 'I let her die. She'd rather die here than there, so I let her have her way.'"

He went on scolding her. When Emma was tucked in, he picked up his bag. "Scream for her if you want anything," he said. He pointed his finger at Hermann, and Hermann turned and scuffed off down the hall. "Good night, Madame Ritter," he said. He closed his bag with a snap. "I'll be back some time tomorrow." He gave her a brisk salute, clicked his heels and went out.

EMMY lay still. The rain poured against the pane and it was quite dark outside. So it was to be this way. It was to be this death. Coming slowly. Loosening, one by one, each tight-drawn band. All alone. No brutal eyes or hands; no crystal-sharp word and its indifference; gently, in a warm bed. Frightened, if that must be, but free to be frightened unashamed. Wrapped only in what was most comforting. Let tears soak down if they must. Knowing so surely that among these people was at least one friend. One man courageous and clean of all cruelty. God save them for the sake of one just man.

She felt no effect from the tablet she'd taken. She spent what seemed three hours waiting for it to begin, but nothing happened. Then she felt under the mattress, got another out and swallowed it. Hermann had forgotten to turn out the light. She forgot it even when, quite late, she came in with hot soup. She was in an ugly mood because she had been frightened. She pushed Emma up in bed and stood with her arms on her hips, watching her dip the black bread slowly, and tremblingly lift the spoon to her mouth. Feeling quite well and hungry, Emma ate her soup.

"Anna," she whispered, "how do you feel?"

Anna opened her eyes. She seemed to listen, but she couldn't answer.

In a moment, Emma whispered again. "Anna, are you better?" and this time she didn't stir. Her breathing was so faint it was like a feather lifting in a faint draught. She seemed to be suffering no pain. If she was dying now, it was so peacefully that it came also gently to the beholder. And who could doubt that Anna, too, was better off?

When she lay back at last on the bed, she knew it was here. No use lying very still when the seat of life was actually crumbling. She knew it was here before she heard the man's voice. Not the doctor—not her doctor, at least. The other one that came sometimes to Anna and gave her only a prying look as he went by. He was quite old, a prisoner himself. He held her wrist now and his sharp, scurly fingers pinched her flesh.

Blind terror seized her. She caught her temples in her hands, holding back her long black hair. She was violently ill again, and her heart leaped up in her with each wrenching.

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As she ebbd there imperceptibly, Emma began, even against her will, to feel more and more alive. A vivid nervousness itched in her, to be moving, to throw off this inactivity, to get up, to go down the hall, for instance.

She lifted her covers to get up, but her heart gave a leap, and a trembling weakness seized her all over. She fell back, hugging the hot-water bottle, stilling the sudden chill that had struck her.

All night she lay under the staring bulb, half asleep, half awake, but thinking only of life, never again of death. When she remembered, she took a tablet.

Towards morning Hermann came, puffy-eyed, her whole face swollen with sleep. She wore a flannel dressing-gown like a man's, and she looked, with her short, straight, blond hair, like a prisoner leaving the ring after a bad bout. Emma burst into a gay, nervous laugh at the sight of her. Hermann had come with a fresh hot-water bottle, and to turn off the light. As she put the bottle against Emma she looked curiously at her.

"What's funny?" she asked. "Why do you laugh?"

Emma said nothing. She'd already forgotten Hermann. Soon she fell into a deep sleep without any dreams.

She only half awakened when her coffee came in the morning.

She sipped it, lying on her side and drowsing. Mechanically, she slipped the last tablet into her mouth and swallowed it.

Some time after that she lay in a half consciousness.

What's happening to me?

She sat up, and at once she was violently ill.

"Hermann!" Emma Ritter screamed. "Hermann!" She had forgotten the woman's real name, but her cry was hoarse and strong.

"Come!" she cried. She looked across and saw that Anna's bed was empty.

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Blind terror seized her. She caught her temples in her hands, holding back her long black hair. She was violently ill again, and her heart leaped up in her with each wrenching.

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Blind terror seized her. She caught her temples in her hands, holding back her long black hair. She was violently ill again, and her heart leaped up in her with each wrenching.

"HART block," he said, and Hermann, on the other side of the bed, creaking in her starched dress, said in a frightened gust, "Then I must call him. He came and went this morning while she was asleep. He'll be furious, but it's not my fault, is it? I've done all I could. You'll tell him it's not my fault, please, doctor."

"You couldn't do anything," the doctor said. "Better call him."

"Oh, but he'll be so angry! Will she die, doctor?" She said reproachfully. "He said her heart was so strong."

The doctor leaned over Emma. There was no pity in him, no humanity, only a feeble, spiteful curiosity.

"Madame Ritter," he murmured, as though he'd been wanting for some time to confirm an opinion he had of her. "About forty-five years?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I thought so." He took out his stethoscope. "Ditten thought fifty. Had many of these before?"

She opened her lips and tried to whisper, forcing herself to what was going to be her last act.

To lie, of course, because that was necessary; to be bold and to be even frivolous; to taste the joy of being, at the end, so completely herself.

She managed to whisper, "Yes, I've had a bad heart always, since a child. Doctors never thought I'd live."

"We're usually right," he said. "You're lucky."

When the hour came, Mark hadn't yet decided whether or not to go to the doctor's house. He felt only horror at seeing him again. All day he had sat in his room with a sheet of paper and a pencil, writing a few words and tearing them up again. He couldn't, as Emma had done, write a simple farewell. If he said anything at all, there was so much more than that to be said.

At seven o'clock he tore up still another sheet of paper and, snatching his hat and overcoat, went down to the street. He would have wandered about aimlessly, but the rain drove him indoors again, and he found himself, hardly knowing how he got there, in the bar of the Four Seasons. He ordered a double brandy, sitting where he could watch the chromium clock set in the wall.

Still thinking about the letter, he called for some hotel paper and tried again to write. He drank another brandy and sat holding his pencil tentatively over the paper, but that had become now only an empty, nervous movement.

Please turn to Page 46

## BANISH BACKACHE caused by KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is it sharp stabbing pains that almost take your breath away, or just an unceasing dull ache? In either case, backache is really kidney ache—nature's warning that your kidneys are clogged up with impurities. They become sluggish. Harmful pain-causing poisons accumulate, and then starts that exhausting backache. To end your pain you must restore the kidneys to health. Only a genuine kidney remedy can do this. That remedy is De Witt's Pills—made especially for this one purpose.

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# WHEN WELLINGTON gave the bride away

Georgette Heyer's colorful romance of the Peninsula Wars

Brigade-Major Harry Smith met fifteen-year-old Juana Maria de Los Dolores de Leon after the storming of Badajos. Two days later he married her—a drum-head affair, with Wellington giving the bride away.

This important piece of business over, Miss Georgette Heyer has everything clear for as interesting an historical romance as could be wished for.

FOR some palates there may be, in "The Spanish Bride," a hint too much of battles, camp routine, and army, but this background to the affairs of the Smiths is never dull.

Indeed, so capably is it handled, so well does Miss Heyer know her Peninsula Campaign—not only broadly, but in the most meticulous detail—that the book gains by the inclusion of this historical data.

Yet however much pleasure may be got from other factors, Brigade-Major Smith and his adorable little wife really make the novel. No normal reader will be able to resist these two: Harry, mercurial, fine-drawn, courageous, loving, impudent, efficient; Juana, just as impulsive, passionate, tender, gay, and both of them with the very devil of a temper.

With both it was a case of love at first sight.

"There was something fierce about Harry, the look of a hawk in his eyes; a similar spirit in Juana, the daughter of a long line of hidalgos, responded to it. They were made for each other, and were simple and direct enough, both of them . . . to know it at a glance."

The simple directness with which Juana accepts the arduous conditions of army life, following her husband wherever his duties take him, cheerfully facing up to rain and mud and cold, heat and dust, endears her to the whole division; even Wellington succumbs to her.

Straight from the convent, it does not occur to her that there is anything strange about her mode of life; certainly the thought that she should remain, with other officers' wives, snugly quartered in a friendly town never enters her mind.

Her reward is Harry's unshamed adoration.

Miss Heyer insists that the Smiths are no creatures of her imagination.

They actually lived, and her record of their adventures in Spain and on the grim field of Waterloo is authentic.

This being so, one can only regret not having lived in that period, if only for the pleasure there would have been in knowing this couple.

From all this, it must not be imagined that their life together was that of two turtle doves. Juana had a royal Spanish temper.

Harry could not resist flirting with a pretty girl. "He explained to Juana that there was nothing in it. She threatened to kill him with his own sword, and had to be fended off with a camp-chair. When he caught her in his arms she boxed his ears, not in the least the trusting child who adored him, but like the jealous little vixen he called her."

"Only when, all cajolery failing, he shrugged, and said: 'I hate shrews. I'm off to find better company,' did her rage fall from his eyes."

He melted before it, and held open his arms to her: "Only teasing."

"Trembling in his close embrace, she said passionately: 'You love me! Say it! Swear it!'"

High words and hearty kisses figured very largely in the Smith ménage.

The heroic story of the Army of the Peninsula has been handled in such a way as to make you want to read more of it. Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria—these historic engagements and other lesser ones come to life under Miss Heyer's pen as if they had happened only yesterday.

Officers and men are real; and neither their heroic nor their baser qualities have been glossed. Against the description of the epic storming of Badajos, for example, is the story of the aftermath, when the town was given up to looting and rapine, with Wellington, for two days, un-

willing, or unable, to stop the mad rioting of his victorious army.

"His Lordship did not love his men, but he understood them. Presently he would send a strong force into Badajos and erect a gallows there, but not until his wild, heroic troops had glutted themselves with conquest."

"Had his Lordship cared, after the bloody combat at Ciudad Rodrigo, when he had met the men of the 95th Rifles clad in every imaginable costume, excepting only the dress of a riflemen? Not a bit!"

"They had their swords stuck full of hams, tongues, and loaves of bread; they were weighed down by their plunder; but when they had set up a cheer for His Lordship, he had acknowledged it in his usual stiff way."

And when he was told that he beheld some of his crack troops he had given a neigh of laughter and ridden on."

No, "The Spanish Bride" is by no means a romantic fairy tale of the warfare of a century and a quarter ago—all waving banners, shrilling trumpets, and soldiers animated by nothing but the highest ideals.

It is a comprehensive picture, and a true one, with nothing left out.

MISS GEORGETTE HEYER, whose latest historical novel, "The Spanish Bride," is a colorful romance of the Peninsula wars.

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## HOLIDAYS

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Then — as now

AT such a time as this, with the newspapers carrying, every day, news of further advances on the part of troops driven forward by the will of a ruthless, determined, strongly armed aggressor, there is a message of comfort in this story of a desperate war, against another Continental dictator, over a hundred years ago.

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Bonaparte threatened invasion. His troops were massed at Boulogne; flat-bottomed boats were even built to convey them over the Channel.

But that invasion was not fated to be made. After a long and weakening war, England emerged triumphant.

Perhaps this novel is not everybody's meat. What book is? But it can be recommended to all those who want a first-class story, a real honest-to-goodness love interest, and a background of events that changed the face of Europe.

"The Spanish Bride." By Georgette Heyer. Heinemann.

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THE place was crowded, as it had been the other night, with Americans and English, all coming in hurriedly out of the driving cold rain outside. It was a bar like any other bar—and why not? Were these people really expected to care because miles away, behind a barricade of electrified barbed wire, Emmy Ritter was awaiting execution? Were they to be disturbed because he wanted to write a letter to her and couldn't?

His hand had been unconsciously moving. He looked down and saw marks on the paper. He crumpled it up and threw it over in the corner, paid for his drinks, and went out.

It was the rain again that drove him off the streets. He didn't know how long he'd walked, or how far, but suddenly he saw, across a glistening square, a row of taxi waiting, and he hailed one and got in.

There was no place in this city where he could go, except to the doctor's. He gave the driver his address.

Mark was nearly two hours late, but they were still keeping the soup warm. The doctor wore a dark red smoking jacket. Perhaps he always wore it, but it had a slightly festive air, as though to show intimacy and friendliness. Like the supper kept warm, the drinks waiting, the warm fire. How like them, he thought. Always that talent for the misplaced, the grotesque.

"A little schnapps?" the doctor asked. "It will warm you up. I think you were very wet when you came in."

"No, thanks," Mark said. "I've had too much to drink already."

"Then, perhaps, as you're very late, you'd like to eat at once," he said.

"I've eaten already," Mark said. "I hope you didn't wait for me."

The doctor looked down at him and said nothing. Then he crossed to the door leading to a pantry or kitchen and spoke to his servant. They held a low consultation.

"People like me," Mark thought, "get what's coming to them because they're soft. Curse him and his supper."

The doctor came back and sat down opposite him. His head made the exact centre for a cluster of

## Escape

Continued from Page 44

fencing foils crossed behind him on the wall. He took his pipe from the table and filled it, pressing the tobacco carefully with his bony, flat-tipped fingers.

"You've seen her to-day?" Mark asked.

The doctor, not looking at him, went on filling his pipe. "Yes, I've seen her," he said.

Mark held back his questions, tried to accept the pace the doctor set, for he was right; there need be no impatience about his grief.

"I've seen her," the doctor repeated, striking a match to his pipe. "And she was very well. I went over her again. Especially the heart."

"Her heart's always been strong," Mark said.

"I am counting on it to be very strong indeed." The doctor took a few puffs and put the burnt match carefully in a little tray.

Mark said, "Let's hope so. Though it might be better for her if it failed suddenly."

"Do you feel it would be better if she were to die—from natural causes?"

"Yes," Mark spoke shortly.

The doctor looked at him with close attention, and then turned to the stove, stretching his feet out toward it. They sat in silence.

The doctor said, as though there had been no long silence, "So you feel it would be better if she died first, of natural causes?"

"Yes," Mark said. "Why do you keep saying that?"

The doctor turned and looked at him with his sharp, bright blue eyes. "Because," he said, "to-day I did a criminal thing."

"What?" Mark cried. Then, looking at the doctor's face, he whispered, "She's dead," and in that moment he knew for the first time the difference between any grief that still includes a hope of life and the complete finality of death. The doctor didn't answer him, but went on looking at him, and Mark, for a moment, felt faint.

"You gave her something?" he said. He turned his head to avoid the doctor's eyes. "I'm sure you

meant well," he said; "yes, I know you meant well." In that moment he felt strangely and trustfully his friend. "I might have done it myself. If I'd had the chance."

"You don't quite understand," the doctor went on. His voice was harsh and high. "Or, rather, you understand only half of it. You know why I did it, but you don't know yet what I've done. I've taken a chance of saving her."

"Of saving her? Then she won't die from what you did?"

"She may die, but she may not," the doctor said. "I advise you, as you've evidently been drinking a good deal, to have a cup of black coffee. I want you to understand very clearly everything I say."

Mark, sitting very still, watched him ring for the man.

"Two large cups," he ordered.

Then he went on: "What I did I had to do without consulting you, because when the idea occurred to me I had no time for that. Also, I wanted to take the full responsibility myself. For the crime against the State and for the possible crime against Madame Ritter. The crime against the State is my own affair. As to the other, I saw just now that when you thought she was actually dead your first feeling was of relief. Isn't that so? Be honest."

"YES," Mark said.

"It's so."

"Listen very carefully," he said. "When I got to the camp this morning I was asked to go to the office of the head physician. He wanted to ask me about Madame Ritter—things I needn't tell you. Then he said rather jokingly, 'I hear you've been interesting yourself in this Anna Hoffman, too.' I said, 'Yes, I have.' Naturally, I didn't want him to think I was any more interested in one than the other. You remember Anna Hoffman is the woman I told you is in the same room with your mother."

"Yes, yes, I remember. Go on."

"Well, what he wanted to say was something about this Anna. The doctor who'd been looking out for her was a prisoner, a wretched old broken-down, thoroughly discredited physician. Whatever most of them out there are, he deserves to be there. But it seems he was

## PRETENCE

Along the singing wires  
You whispered in my ear.  
I tightly closed my eyes.  
Pretending you were near.

Then, shattering your voice,  
A cold "Time, Please" broke  
through.

I heard your half-drawn sigh,  
You'd been pretending, too.

—Elsie Pearson.

jealous of my interference, little as it's been. Last night she had a hemorrhage, and to-day she was dying. The head physician said to me, 'This fellow came here this morning and said, "Ever since your political police have interfered with that woman she's worse. Now she's dying. But I suppose I'm not good enough to take charge of a case like that. I'm not even good enough to sign a death certificate."'

"Of course, these prisoners can't sign death certificates, you understand. The head physician then said: 'I'm going off for a week's leave to-morrow, so I'll ask you to take charge. When she dies see that all the formalities are correct, will you?'"

"Well?" Mark said.

"Don't you see what I'm leading up to? If this woman dies, I certify to her death. If Madame Ritter dies in prison, it is also I who certify to her death."

"Well, but if she doesn't die?"

"Then I can still certify to it."

Mark caught his head between his hands. "I don't see—How can that help us? You mean to get her out somehow? How?"

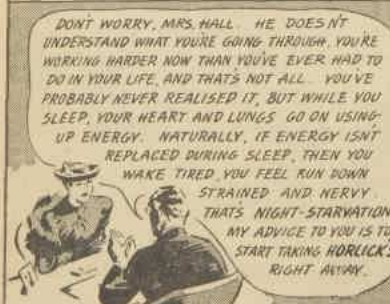
"When I was making the arrangements to bring Madame Ritter to the camp, someone told me that a man had put in a claim for her body. Whoever told me was surprised, because no one seemed to think she had any relatives or close friends in the country. When I found out who you were, for a moment I thought you were the man. But you must know who put in the claim. It's very important."

Please turn to Page 48

## MEN DON'T UNDERSTAND



AFTER THAT, MRS. HALL SAW HER DOCTOR:



AND SO, HORLICK'S EVERY NIGHT.



SIX WEEKS LATER.



DO YOU WAKE TIRED, GET RUN DOWN AND FEEL THE STRAIN?

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**HORLICKS** GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION AND HELPS RESIST THE STRAIN





# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has boarded a ship bound for Cockaigne, to go to the rescue of the beautiful **PRINCESS NARDA:** Whom he loves. She needs his help because she is being forced into marriage with **EVERY DUKE OF HECTARES:** Who is plotting with **NARDA's** ambitious brother, **PRINCE SEGRID:** To murder Mandrake. Also on the ship

are the Duke's agents, who have put a small time-bomb inside a lifebelt which Mandrake has to wear during boat drill.

With only a few seconds left before the bomb will explode, Mandrake asks one of the agents to hold the jacket while he adjusts his watch, which he thinks is the cause of the ticking he has heard.

NOW READ ON:



SAY-- WHAT'S THE MATTER?



I DON'T KNOW--WHAT HAPPENED--phew--IT BEGAN TO FEEL HOT--AND--

Hmm--SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION? I NEVER HEARD OF A LIFE-BELT EXPLODING BEFORE. LUCKY YOU WEREN'T WEARING IT, MANDRAKE.

YES--VERY LUCKY--



THAT LIFE-BELT STUNT WENT SOUR ALL RIGHT! YOU AND YOUR FANCY IDEAS! WHY NOT JUST KNIFE MANDRAKE--AND TOSS HIM OVERBOARD?

NO, WE HAVE TO MAKE IT LOOK ACCIDENTAL. AFTER ALL, WE'RE ON A SHIP. WE CAN'T GET AWAY IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG.



THEY'RE HAVING TRAP SHOOTING FROM THE SUN-DECK. I SAW MANDRAKE UP THERE--THIS IS OUR CHANCE! IF THE SHIP LURCHES WHILE I'M SHOOTING--I MIGHT HIT SOMETHING ELSE...



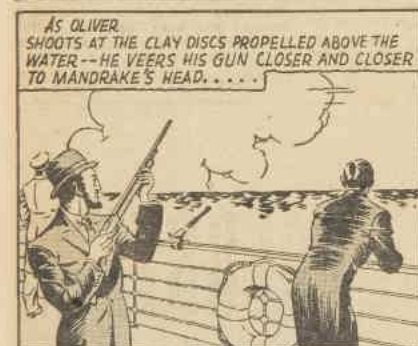
GOOD SHOT, SIR! YOU CERTAINLY SHATTERED THE CLAY DISC!

LUCKY, I'D SAY.



TAKE A TURN, SIR.

I'LL STAND BACK FROM THE RAIL WHILE I SHOOT. THE GLARE FROM THE WATER GETS IN MY EYES.



AS OLIVER SHOOT AT THE CLAY DISCS PROPELLED ABOVE THE WATER--HE VEERS HIS GUN CLOSER AND CLOSER TO MANDRAKE'S HEAD....



NICE SHOOTING. I HAVE TO GO BELOW DECK. BY THE WAY--HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?

er--NO--DO YOU HAVE TO GO--NOW? LET'S HAVE A FEW MORE SHOTS.



THANKS. MAYBE TOMORROW. STRANGE. I THOUGHT I KNEW YOU. I RARELY FORGET A FACE.

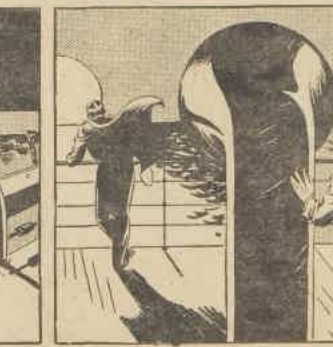


AND JUST WHEN I WAS READY TO LET HIM HAVE IT, HE GOES AWAY.

YEAH--YOU AND YOUR TRICKY IDEAS! NOW, WE DO IT MY WAY. A KNIFE IN THE BACK--OVER HE GOES--CURTAINS!



THIS BOAT MOVES LIKE A SNAIL! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO COCKAIGNE--TO FIND OUT ABOUT NARDA--



ON THE S.S. TYRONUS, AS THE DUKE'S MEN SNEAK UP BEHIND MANDRAKE....



HUH?

UH--



SO! TRYING DO SNEAKY STUFF!

OUCH!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TWO! FOLLOWED ME ON THE SHIP, DID YOU? YOUR DISGUISES HAD ME FOOLED FOR A WHILE--BUT YOU FORGOT TO DISGUISE YOUR VOICES!

TO BE CONTINUED





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The liver should pour out two pounds of fluid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Humane, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills for Bile. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4.

## Escape

"AN old servant of ours," Mark said. "I saw him last night after I left you, and he told me he'd done it." He spoke automatically, in a dream.

"What was he going to do with the body?"

"He was going to take it down to the country and bury it in a little town where his brother lives either on his brother's property or in the cemetery, if it was allowed."

"Well, we will speak about that later on."

"For heaven's sake," Mark said, "tell me what you've done! Tell me the rest afterward."

"After I had talked to the doctor, I went into the little pharmacy and prepared some tablets," the doctor said in an unhurried voice. "Then I went to Madame Ritter and examined her heart, which I found to be apparently in good condition. I say 'apparently' because an examination like that isn't conclusive. But I gave her a dose of digitals in tablet form. I had made a hasty computation of what would be the right amount for a woman of her age and weight, and I left her the tablets. I told her to take them faithfully every three hours. There should be about one grain to each three kilos, and I added two grains to produce complete digitalisation."

"I don't understand."

"But I am now explaining. These tablets should produce what's known as bradycardia."

"It would kill her?"

"It might, but that's the chance. If it does not, I reasoned that the following will happen: She will begin by having such symptoms as a slow pulse, an irregular heart action, accompanied by extreme nervousness and probably vomiting. The prisoner doctor I spoke of will first be called. He'll at once recognise it, or think he recognises it, as heart block. It would be a natural condition for a woman with a weak heart after a serious operation, especially as she's under such a severe mental strain."

"He'll think 'The busybody has lost another patient.' Perhaps he'll be pleased that a fellow-prisoner is cheating the executioner. As the head physician has gone, they'll send for me. Yes, at some hour to-morrow, if Madame Ritter carries out my instructions, I'll certainly be called. I'll insist on staying with her. I'll appear to do my best to save her. The rest of them will certainly leave her to me. Only a female prisoner, a nurse of sorts, may possibly stay with me, a horrible cretin, but I can handle her easily."

"At eight-thirty the camp is dark

Continued from Page 46

and the lights out. At ten or eleven I'll pronounce Madame Ritter dead. I'll then notify by telephone the authorities in town. I shall sign the certificate of death, and I will have them telephone at once to the man who is to claim the body. That's all."

Mark whispered, "It's impossible." "The other night I told you nothing possible would save her," the doctor said irritably, "and so you demanded a miracle." He got up, and with his hands behind his back, walked up and down the room. It was easy to believe he was a little mad.

Mark watched him, lying back in his chair.

"It's impossible," he repeated. "The doctor stood by the table, munching. 'You think it's impossible because it hasn't been done yet. Actually, that's the sole reason why it is possible. No one has thought of it, so it might be done—once.' Then he added, with a shade of contempt, 'After all, you can accept her death—I saw you do it—but not her escape. The will to live isn't so strong as we like to think. I've often found that out.'"

Mark said, "Perhaps it's just plain fun. You're braver than I am. And perhaps, too, you have less imagination. You can't see suddenly, as I can now, all the things that'll go wrong."



ROBERT PIGUET'S town suit with green skirt is slightly flared and topped with a snug-fitting turtleneck coming well down over the hips. A cheery red feather dramatizes the green glengarry.

"THE horror of placing a living woman in a coffin. Suppose she suffocates. There'll be the suspicion of someone we haven't thought of suddenly breaking in; all the appalling difficulties afterward. No, you haven't the imagination to see all that." He felt he was dismissing it, righteously, almost in anger.

"That's obviously untrue," the doctor said, "since I thought of it in the first place. What you can't imagine is overcoming the difficulties. What you can't imagine is success."

"How long will this digitalisation last?" Mark said aggressively.

"About forty-eight hours."

"Well, then, she's helpless all that time?"

"More or less, yes. But during the time she's most helpless she doesn't need to be doing anything. In fact, the whole point is that she must be inanimate. Afterward you can treat her. Keep her warm, make her sweat it out of her system as soon as you can."

"Do you expect her to lie still and play dead convincingly?"

"No, I don't think anyone could. I'll give her a morphine injection."

"But who will put her in her coffin?"

"Prisoners. Half asleep, perhaps, at that hour."

"But the time element—will there be a coffin ready?"

"Many people die out there. There are always pine boxes on hand."

"Won't she suffocate?"

"I'll tell them not to nail it down too tight. I'll say that relatives are claiming it; they may want to open it and look at her. Besides, these plain pine coffins are loosely made."

Mark gave a convulsive movement of the shoulders.

"Of course, you must open it," the doctor said, "and get her out as soon as possible, and there's always this: When you open it she may actually be dead. It's not certain at all that she can stand all this."

"But do you begin to understand?" he said. "Do you begin to see in your famous imagination a possibility of success?"

"I SEE that, if you could manage it, my mother would be placed alive in a coffin and delivered to me. What would I do then?"

He went back to his chair and sat down heavily. A sudden feeling of hope, as though everything were done and she was saved, had gone through him for a moment and then passed.

"But it's impossible—it's impossible," he said again angrily.

"What did you come to this country for?" the doctor asked him. "Wasn't it to do the impossible? The impossible is an entirely relative term. But I really can't waste time on your impossibility. We've got to see what can be done afterwards. To begin with this servant, Can you count on him?"

Mark drew closer to the warm stove and thought of Fritz, tried to make a complete picture of all he knew of him.

"I don't know," he said, "whether he'd be up to this or not."

"Well, you'll have to count on him anyway."

The doctor sat down, took up his pipe again and absently tapped the bowl against his palm.

"Something will have to be buried," he said, as though he were talking to himself, "and better there where it was planned. Because he's undoubtedly made arrangements for that already. His brother, for instance, might suspect something wrong if the arrangements weren't carried out. So, somewhere in the time between leaving prison and arrival at the house of this brother, you'll have to get Madame Ritter out and you'll have to put something into the coffin. And the coffin can be buried. As to what you'll do with Madame Ritter, I can't think yet."

"No," said Mark in despair. "I can't either."

Suddenly he saw it would be possible to accept the escape from prison. The doctor's assurance that it could be done, the tone of his voice, as though he were telling about a fantastic operation he expected to do, but knew that he could do, would in time infect him with a sense of reality.

"What," he said with a last desperate reasonableness, "can a man do with a helpless, hunted woman in the middle of the night in strange and hostile country?"

"Well," the doctor said briskly, "would you rather not go on with it?"

Mark didn't even answer.

To be continued



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# THE HOMEMAKER

June 29, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## DAISIES . . . old-time favorites

YOU can be knee-deep in daisies in your own garden next summer if you know what kind to plant and set them out at the right time.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

**A**FRICA has given us some of the loveliest members of the daisy family, ranging from the dainty little *ursinia* to the rather haughty *venidium*.

Take the *venidium*, which is known in Africa as *Monarch of the Veldt*. Seed can be sown in boxes during winter and grown under glass until the weather gets warmer, or you can buy seedlings and set them out now.

This plant grows to about 3ft. tall, and the flowers of *venidium fastuosum* are a vivid orange color with a dark centre and black-purple zone.

The flowers are about 4 to 5 inches across, borne on long stems, and last well when cut. The newer *venidium* hybrids are also very beautiful, the colors ranging from buff to lemon, orange, cream and salmon, the petals being blotched at the base with deep brown.

*Ursinia anethoides* (Jewel of the Veldt) is another lovely little daisy-like plant, but unsuitable for present sowing. Spring is the time for seed sowing, but it won't hurt to tell you that the flowers are rich orange yellow with a deep purple ring at the base.

Gerberas came to us from Africa, also, and they may be set out now

in a bright, sunny, well-drained position.

They do not like frosty conditions, which probably accounts for the fact that they do best in northern New South Wales and Queensland, but I have seen them in many parts of Victoria, South Australia and the Far West.

Poor soil does not seem to injure their flowering, but, like everything else in the plant world, gerberas do best when afforded some care and not a little coddling.

Shasta daisies are good mixers and should always be given room in the garden.

THEY like an open sunny position, but will do moderately well in half shade, and are not fussy as to soil.

The new "chiffon" shasta has long delicate petals and is full of beauty, but does not stand up so well to wetting as the shorter petalled variety.

The "blue shasta," which isn't a shasta at all, but an *erigeron*, a member of a totally different family, is worth room in the border in front of its taller and pale-faced cousin.

Gazanias are daisy-like in habit, although low-growing and suitable only for borders or rockeries. But they stand up to drought and heat, and always help to make the garden gay.

Leptosyne is the name of a very brilliant yellow daisy-like flower.



FROM AFRICA comes this beautiful daisy, the *venidium fastuosum* (*Monarch of the Veldt*).

Seedlings set out now will flower within six or eight weeks, and the long stems and bright flowers provide excellent indoor decorations during winter.

Years ago the pretty marguerite was as popular in our gardens as



THE PRETTY marguerite which was so popular years ago. It is worth cultivating again, for it will give more flowers per plant over a longer period than any other perennial.

English lavender and geraniums, but it has dropped out of use owing to the presence of so many other bright flowers on the market.

Yet the yellow, white, and pink marguerites will give more flowers per plant and over a longer period than any other perennial I know.

The plants grow into big bushes about 4ft. tall, and are sometimes four or five feet across. For that reason plant them with plenty of

space between them, and do not let them over-reach other plants.

I must not forget our native-toothed daisy bush (*olearia dentata*) and the rough daisy bush (*olearia asterotricha*), and our field daisy (*brachycome decipiens*), they all do well under cultivation.

In most parts of Australia the daisy family thrives well, asking little more than fairly good soil and regular watering.

Coming soon . .

## "The Youth Show"



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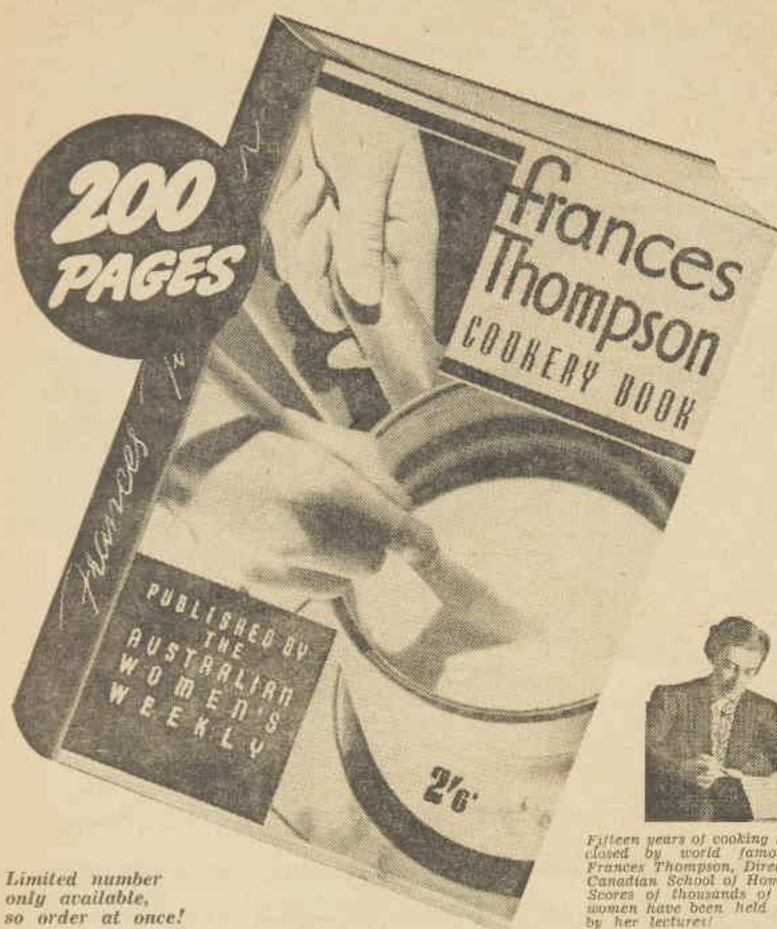
Set of 3 to match Water Jug. 12 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Freight and packing, 1/3 on set of 3 or 6.



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# 2

PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

### ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**Now is the time for Cancerians.  
The stars are in their favor and they  
should capitalise their opportunities.**

AT this time of the year the sun, speeding on its own special orbit around the zodiac, leaves the sign of Gemini and enters that of Cancer.

This is a matter of importance to Virgoans, Pisceans and Sagittarians, for whom it provides some release from the difficult weeks of the recent past; and to Cancerians, Scorpians and Pisceans, to whom it means opportunities, small or large, and a generally good time.

Of all these groups, however, Cancerians are most affected, for this is their own special time of the year, and the planetary radiations now operating are of vital importance to them.

Cancerians include those whose birthdays fall between June 22 and July 23; and, to a lesser extent, all those at whose exact birth moment the stars of Cancer were rising directly in the East.

Cancerians are nice people. At any rate, the majority are—most of the time. Their faults are few, but are usually rather annoying.

However, they are seldom vicious, and they will generally accept criticism and try to correct their failings and live up to expectations.

### Great homelovers

SATISFACTORY as this may be to their associates, it is seldom fair to Cancerians themselves, for, in most cases, they become too malleable, and apt to lose their identity in favor of those who dominate them.

This is unwise, for a Cancerian at his (or her) best is a superior type—mentally, spiritually, morally, and sometimes physically.

As a general thing, Cancer-born men are slightly nicer than the women, possibly because they are incurably romantic, idealistic, domesticated and protective. Add these traits to the innate shyness, sensitiveness and sympathy through which they express themselves and there is a very lovable and attractive male indeed.

Cancer-born women are generally less reserved and sensitive, somewhat more chatty and changeable, but almost as romantic and protective as their male prototypes.

There is one big difference. They



MAINBOCHER'S tailored frock and boxy coat in perfume-pink sheer wool. Rosy cherries blossom at the waistline and on the Dolly Varden hat.

have a tendency to express their fine qualities in showering love and protection on the family and children rather than on the partner. They are not as bad as Leonians in this regard, but they should see to it that the husband receives as much attention as the children, if not more.

And relatives, no matter how close, should not be allowed to insinuate themselves into the marital life.

As for women engaged or married to Cancerians, there is one important lesson they must learn if they wish for true happiness. A truly desirable home must be made for the partner. Their men are homelovers if made comfortable, but home-leavers if domestic contentment and general peace are not forthcoming.

## THE DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Don't let your emotions run away with your wisdom at this time. Difficulties, delays and worries can be found with ease by unwary Arians. Special caution advised on July 3 and 4.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Quite fair for semi-important matters on June 20 and July 1. Hard work and wisdom can produce good results.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Consolidate any gains made previously. Unspectacular days ahead, but June 29 best of them.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Times can be good now, and diligence and wisdom can pay good dividends. Put ambitious plans into operation on July 3 and 4 for planetary radiations favor you then.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 24): Just a week of days. Plan ahead. June 29 fair.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): June 20 and July 1 quite fair, but take no risks on July 3 (after noon), 4 or 5.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): Don't take unnecessary risks or begin new ventures or changes at this time, for difficulties will abound. Take special care on June 29 and July 3 and 4. Live quietly then.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): This is a time for you to get busy and

try to do big things. Your stars are friendly and much can be achieved, especially if you start your new ventures and favor, make changes of week promotion on July 3 and 4. Observe caution on June 20 and July 1.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 21): Things should begin to stabilize now, and preparations can be made for new ventures to be started soon—but not until word is given July 2, 3, and 4.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): It will take stoutness of heart and determined cheerfulness if you are to avoid pitfalls just now. Be more than usually careful on June 29 and July 3 and 4.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Just a week of days for impatient Aquarians, yet pressure should be retained on urgent matters already underway. July 3 (p.m. hours), 3 and 4 week, but favorable.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 21): Don't waste time. The stars are ready to help most Pisceans, and forethought, wisdom and good plans will prove assets in advancing your affairs. Work diligently and long on July 3 and 4. Ask favors, seek promotion or gain, make changes.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

# GUINNESS



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# WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By a DOCTOR

## Psittacosis . . . and the parrot family

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, is it true that human beings can contract an infectious disease from birds? I want to keep birds as a hobby and I have just built an aviary in the garden for budgerigars or love-birds. Now I'm told that birds of the parrot family are liable to a highly infectious disease.

**DOCTOR:** It is true that parrots, parrakeets, love-birds and other members of the parrot family are liable to a specific infectious disease, which is communicable to man. This disease is known as psittacosis or "parrot disease."

Psittacosis in human beings is a serious illness. It affects the lungs, and is sometimes fatal. It is generally more severe in adults than in children. Several cases are reported each year in most of the Australian States.

Psittacosis may be contracted from any bird of the parrot tribe which has become infected. When a human subject has developed the disease, it is generally found that the patient has been in contact with a sick bird.

In the absence of infected parrots, this illness in human beings is impossible. Actual close contact with diseased birds is not a necessary feature, for the infective agent may be carried in the dust of an aviary or birdshop.

More entry into a birdshop where sick parrots are kept is known to have been followed by fatal infection in man.

The virus, or infective agent of the disease, is found in the nasal discharges and droppings of infected birds, and in the sputum of human patients.

In parrots, psittacosis is often a mild disease, which does not always give rise to fatal illness and hence may pass unnoticed. Some birds, having recovered from the disease, may remain carriers of the infection.

These may give the disease to



other parrots or budgerigars, who, in turn, may infect human beings.

The only sure way to avoid psittacosis is to refrain from keeping parrots and similar birds, and to avoid contact with them.

If you have healthy, uninfected birds, they are not likely to develop psittacosis if kept away from other parrots.

Birds reared in captivity are usually safe, provided that they are healthy to begin with, and that no birds from outside have been introduced recently.

It is always risky to import into an aviary fresh birds of unknown origin, especially if these are young and recently caught.

Psittacosis is known to occur among parrots over wide areas in Australia, particularly in the south-east of South Australia, and in Victoria and Tasmania.

All sick or dead birds of the parrot family should be regarded with suspicion. No such bird should be handled.

A carcass may be picked up with a pair of forceps and burned immediately in an incinerator. The ends of the tongs should then be plunged into boiling water and kept there for 10 or 15 minutes.

A metal cage may be disinfected by pouring over it a strong solution of lysol (1 part disinfectant to 9 parts of water), taking care that the cage is thoroughly wetted all over. Wooden cages are best burnt.

Psittacosis is rarely transmitted from man to man, and strict isolation of sufferers is not generally required.

In the early stages of the illness, however, close contact between a patient and others should be avoided, and care should be taken to disinfect and destroy any discharge or sputum from the patient.

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Maintaining health in winter

**B**ABIES and little children are more sensitive to sudden changes of temperature than adults, and adjustments have to be quickly made if we want to keep them well and fit during the winter months.

Diet, clothing, and habits have all to be modified and regulated to meet with the new conditions.

The maximum amount of the sunshine of the shorter days must be made use of, and a diet which supplies the fuel needs and the vitamin elements which are more especially needed when there is less sunshine must be planned.

Adjustments in baby's clothing and coat clothes must also be made to meet with the changed climatic conditions.

A leaflet, dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4000WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

A HAPPY BABY, warm and cosy, because he is well covered as a protection against winter temperatures. Modification in habits, diet and clothing is necessary for baby in winter in order to help him adjust himself to lower temperatures. A free leaflet on this subject is available to mothers. See below.

# "Alfred! THAT WOMAN WILL BE YOUR UNDOING!"

you never could digest steamed pudding!"



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(lb. Chestnut  
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2 Eggs (beaten) 2ozs. Sugar  
Grated rind of ½ Lemon  
½ Cup Milk (4ozs.)

Boil the chestnuts 20 minutes. Shell, skin and wash them while hot. Allow to cool. Now rub the softened Copha lightly into the flour and mix in first the washed chestnuts and lemon rind, then the beaten eggs. Dissolve the sugar in the milk and mix in well with the other ingredients. Boil or steam in greased basin two hours.

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FREE—a book containing 100 Copha recipes from E.O.H. Dept. C, Box No. 2428E, G.P.O., Sydney

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C.A.17N

## Medicine measurements

**W**HEN a doctor directs a patient to take a teaspoonful of a liquid medicine he has in mind a quantity called a fluid drachm, which is four cubic centimetres according to the metric system of measurement and which is generally supposed to be equivalent to a teaspoonful.

But household teaspoons vary greatly because of the slight differences in depth and width of the bowl. Tablespoons also vary.

Using a medicine dropper is also unsatisfactory, for the size of a drop of a given fluid is determined by such factors as specific gravity, alcohol content, surface tension, etc.

When the doctor specifies a drop he means a minim. Minims of any liquids are identical, but drops vary in size with each liquid.

In many cases of illness, it is very important that accurate doses be given.

The only way to be sure of accuracy is to use a graduated medicine glass or a minim glass.

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## This week's BEST RECIPES

AND all prizewinners in our weekly recipe competition. This week first prize of £1 goes to a reader for a delicious steamed pudding that is especially appetising for winter-time meals.

**T**HIS fascinating best recipe competition is open to everybody. All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address, and send in to this office.

Every week, first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

So get busy now with pen and paper and write out that interesting recipe of yours that is so popular with the family.

### BANANA CARAMEL PUDDING

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup white sugar, essence to taste, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 3 or 4 bananas according to size, 1 cup brown sugar.

Cream 1 tablespoon of butter and white sugar, add egg and beat well, add milk and essence, and lastly flour and salt sifted together. Grease pudding dish with other tablespoon butter and spread brown sugar over bottom of dish, cover with sliced bananas. Pour on batter and bake in moderate oven for 25 minutes. Turn onto dish with banana caramel uppermost. Serve with custard.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Myrtle Staub, 56 Seventh St., Railway Estate, Townsville, Nth. Qld.

### RASPBERRY BUNS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, raspberry jam, 1 cup

ground rice, 4oz. butter, about 1 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg (saving a teaspoon of the white), beat well and then add milk. Sift flour and ground rice together, and add to mixture. Roll into balls. Make a hole in centre of each, and drop in a little raspberry jam. Close together again and brush over the crack with the white of egg. Bake in hot oven on a greased slide for about 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Whitehead, Scott St., Camperdown, Vic.

### SALMON PUFFALOONS

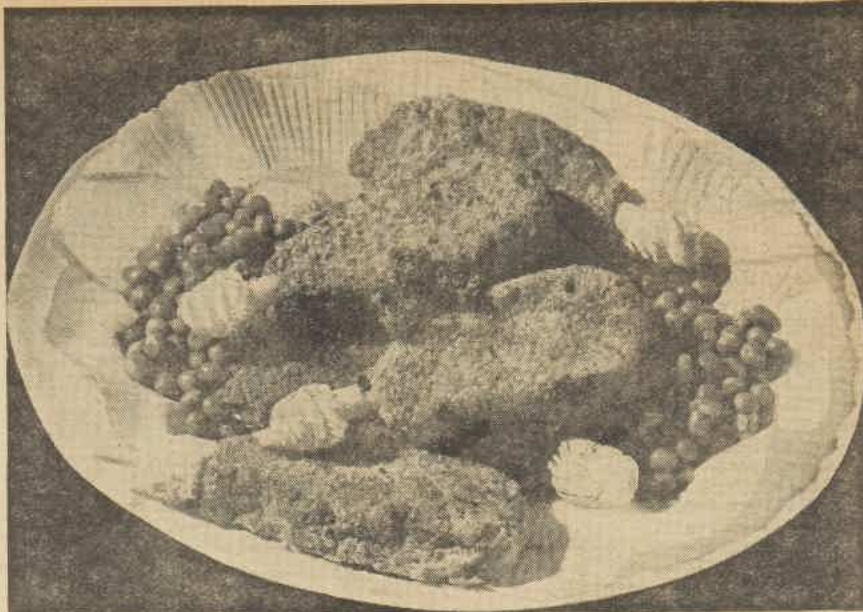
One small tin salmon, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 or 2 eggs, chopped parsley, little milk to thicken batter. Put flour in basin, beat in eggs then add salmon which has been flaked with a fork, also the liquid, and then enough milk to make into a batter. Add salt, also chopped parsley. Let batter stand for an hour or so, and then put dessert-spoonfuls into pan of boiling fat and cook till brown. Nice hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Brownjohn, Adelaide St., Wentworth, N.S.W.

### TOMATO CUTLETS

Four tomatoes, 1lb. breadcrumbs, 1lb. cold mashed potatoes, 6oz. grated cheese, 1 beaten egg, some water-cress, fat for frying.

Mix breadcrumbs, cheese, and potatoes together. Put tomatoes into boiling water, then skin. Chop finely and add to the breadcrumb mixture. Season with pepper and



**TOMATO CUTLETS**, appetising for winter meals. They are made with tomatoes, breadcrumbs, mashed potato, and grated cheese. Try them as a change from meat. Recipe for making on this page.

salt, and bind together with beaten egg into a stiff paste. Turn onto a floured board, roll out and form into neat cutlet shapes. Dip each cutlet into egg and breadcrumbs and fry in smoking hot fat until golden brown. Turn onto a hot dish, garnish with watercress and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Roach, Farrell's Flat, S.A.

### CHOCOLATE VANILLA PUDDING

Half pound plain flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 2 eggs, milk, vanilla flavoring.

Cream butter and sugar, add flour and baking powder sifted, then vanilla essence to taste, mix with eggs, well beaten, and enough milk to make batter drop from the spoon. Divide mixture into two; to one part, add enough cocoa or grated chocolate to color well, and a drop more milk to make the consistency of the first part. Butter a basin, decorate bottom with glace cherries and angelica, cut in leaves. Put in vanilla mixture and chocolate mixture on top; cover with greased paper and steam for 2½ hours. Serve with chocolate sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Peck, 20 Main Rd., Moonah, Tas.

### CHOCOLATE ROUGH BISCUITS

One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups desiccated coconut.

Sift flour, salt, cocoa, cream butter and sugar, and beat until light and

### Miss Precious Minutes

**EGGSHELLS**, crushed, put into a muslin bag, and added to the water in which the clothes are boiled, will help to make them white.

**PIECES** of linoleum left over from covering a floor, make ideal covers for window ledges where you keep plants. It's a good idea to cover a board the size of the ledge with the linoleum, then you can move the board from ledge to ledge as required.

**WHEN** using steel-wool for cleaning aluminium and other articles tear off a small piece as required. This method is best, as a fresh piece can be used each time, the pad does not get rusty, and the packet will last a good deal longer.

**WHY** not have baked tripe next time you have this meat for dinner? Spread it thickly with forcemeat, roll and bake it until tender, and you have a delightful dish.

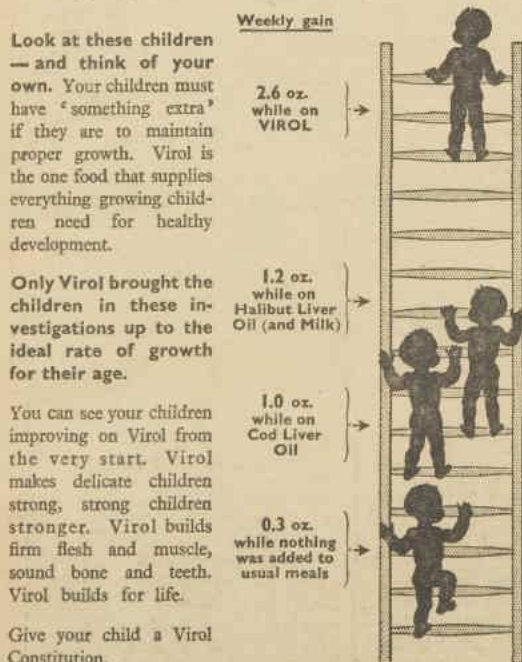
**NEVER** wash hogskin leather gloves. When they are really dirty, wash them cleaned. You can put off the cleaning day almost indefinitely, though, if you put on your gloves and give them a good "rub-down" with a soft pencil rubber, as soon as they are soiled.

**AS** soon as suede gloves begin to get shiny put them in your hands and rub gently with a piece of flannel dipped in flour.

The ladder of health

## Is your child at the top?

This diagram shows the results of an important investigation (published in "The Medical Officer") into the growth of children between two and five years of age.



# VIROL

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# Super SOUP

THAT HELPS YOU SAVE!

**3 PLATES FOR 2<sup>d</sup>**

EVERY meal that starts with good soup is an economical meal . . . good soup's so satisfying no-one needs nearly so much to eat afterwards! If it starts with Foster Clark's soup it's a doubly economical meal. Foster Clark make good soups—super soups: appetising, nourishing, sustaining—much more cheaply than you can. That's because they buy the fresh ingredients in bulk from the producers.

They make 8 different varieties . . . all concentrated, for your convenience, into 2d. cubes. Serve them every day now the soup season's on . . . and save money. Your grocer sells them.

- 8 Different Varieties**
- Tomato
  - Oxtail
  - Mulligatawny
  - Mock Turtle
  - Lentil
  - Pea
  - Green Pea
  - Cream of Celery

# Foster Clark's

delicious **2<sup>d</sup>** SOUPS



# PARTY CAKES...

—You can make  
and ice these  
at home

● It's smart to make your own party-time cakes . . . It's clever to produce something different, delicious . . . and decorative . . . Such fun, too, to see the eyes of your younger guests go round with anticipation at the sight of your luscious refreshments.

Here are recipes that will rate you high as a hostess and a clever cook. Big cakes . . . little cakes . . . and the layer type . . . Your friends will be asking you how to make them and scribbling the recipes on the backs of envelopes.

RIGHT: Munster cake and Little Genoese cakes. Munster cake is flavoured with chocolate, coffee, orange rind and sherry and is covered with almond paste and royal icing. The small cakes are a simple mixture and are also finished with royal icing.



CAKES that are decorated as well as good to eat help to make your tea party go with a swing. Eye appeal is as important as taste in these afternoon spreads.

Here are cakes that you can make and also decorate yourself.

Remember, for successful cake making, to follow directions closely and make certain that all measurements are accurate.

Carelessly measured ingredients—a little too much of one and not quite enough of another—may mean a disappointing cake.

Believe it or not, cooking is a science, especially when it comes to cake making, but it's a delightful science and one every woman can learn quite easily.

So see what you can do with these recipes.

## MUNSTER CAKE

Half pound butter, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 piece candied peel, 2oz. chocolate, 5 small eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1lb. rice flour, 1lb. plain flour, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, 1lb. crystallised cherries, 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1lb. almond paste, 1lb. warm icing, royal icing, cherries and angelica to decorate.

Cream butter and orange rind, add sugar, beat well. Add sifted chocolate powder and whole eggs one at a time, add essence and sherry, then the two flours and baking powder (sifted), chopped cherries and candied peel, cut very finely. Bake in an 8-inch prepared cake tin in a moderate oven (400 degrees F.) for half an hour. Then reduce heat and cook for about 1 hour longer.

Roll almond paste out 1 inch thick, brush with white of egg and cover sides and top of cake. Pour warm icing over, set aside, then ornament with pale pink royal icing and decorate with cherries and angelica.

## LITTLE GENOISE CAKES

Half a pound each of butter, sugar and flour, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 extra tablespoon flour, flavoring, warm and royal icing, cherries, angelica, nuts.

Line a flat cake tin, 6 x 10, with greaseproof paper.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Then add eggs one at a time, grated lemon rind or flavoring, add flour and mix evenly, then add sifted baking powder and extra flour. Place in prepared tin and cook 1 hour (at 400deg. F.) in moderate oven. When quite cold, ice half the top with white warm icing and other half with chocolate icing. Mark into small cakes, squares, or diamonds, and decorate with royal icing, pieces of cherry and angelica, and nuts. Cut cakes from slab cake as required. They keep fresher if left in one piece.

Royal icing: One egg-white, 7-8oz. sifted icing sugar, few drops lemon juice, coloring.

Sift 3 tablespoons icing sugar into basin, make a well in it and add white of egg. Beat well, add icing sugar very gradually, until the icing holds its shape when pulled into a

basin, add sugar and beat well for a few minutes. Whip the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; add gradually with the arrowroot and flour which have been sifted together. Beat all together for half an hour, then add lemon juice and rind. Pour into a flat tin lined with greaseproof paper and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour.

While cake is still hot, ice with yellow icing made by mixing a yolk of egg with enough icing sugar to make a spreadable paste. The heat of the cake will set the icing in a delicious crust.

## BANANA COFFEE CAKE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 rounded tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot water, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 gill cream, coffee icing, sliced bananas.

Butter and lightly flour two sandwich tins 7 inches in diameter.

Beat the eggs well, then add sugar, and beat until mixture is light and fluffy. Sift flour and fold in very lightly. Lastly add the melted butter in the hot water. Pour at once into prepared sandwich tins and bake in fairly hot oven (375deg. F.) for 25 minutes. When cakes are cold split each in halves and fill between the four layers with whipped cream to which a little coffee essence has been added. Ice with coffee icing, using 11 cups sifted icing sugar, 1 rounded tablespoon softened butter, a little coffee essence to flavor. Mix the softened butter into the icing sugar, then pour in enough coffee essence to make the icing a good spreading consistency. Decorate cake with slices of banana just before serving. Bananas tend to discolor with standing.

## WALNUT CAKE

Half pound each of butter, castor sugar and flour, 2oz. rice flour, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, 1oz. grated chocolate, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1lb. walnuts, 1lb. warm icing, squeeze lemon, carmine to color a pale pink.

Prepare a large cake tin or flat slab cake tin.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs and sherry, then flour, rice flour and baking powder, also the chopped walnuts, keeping back a few for decorating the top. Mix well and pour into prepared tin. For large cake, bake 1 1/2 hours, and slab cake about 1 hour. When cool, cover with pale pink warm icing and decorate with walnuts.

MARY  
FORBES

Cookery Expert  
to  
The Australian  
Women's Weekly

peak with spoon. Color, and cover with damp cloth to prevent crusting. Use to decorate Munster and Genoese cakes.

## LITTLE MOCKA CAKES

One Genoese cake cooked in a slab tin.

Vienna icing: 10oz. sifted icing sugar, 4oz. firm butter, about 3 tablespoons sherry, few drops carmine.

Coffee Glace: 1lb. icing sugar, 3 tablespoons strong coffee or 2 tablespoons coffee essence, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 2oz. blanched chopped and browned almonds.

When cake is quite cold, cut into very small squares. Mix coffee glace and warm slightly, then stand saucepan in a larger one of hot water to keep glace soft. Completely cover each square with this, then toss in the almonds.

Mix Vienna icing and place in a bag, and with a rose pipe decorate cakes. Put each cake into a colored paper case to serve.

## LEMON SNOW CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 4oz. arrowroot, 3 egg-whites, 4oz. flour, juice, and grated rind 1 lemon.

Beat butter to a cream in a warm



# SUSTAINING !

There's a rich, sustaining deliciousness in Heinz ready-cooked Spaghetti that makes it always welcome. It's so easy to serve yet so delightfully tasty — finest Spaghetti, with purest tomato sauce, and spicy extra ingredients that are a treasured Heinz secret. . . .

Heinz Spaghetti is full of nourishment, energy and vitamins. Try it on our money-back guarantee—if, after eating it, you are less than satisfied, the grocer (at our cost) will refund the purchase price, without question!

READY  
COOKED

# HEINZ SPAGHETTI

IN  
TOMATO  
SAUCE

MADE IN 57 AUSTRALIA

SP 40-3





WHEN you apply face cream do it with the mouth open to avoid any tendency to push folds into the skin.



IF YOU have used heavy eye make-up, such as mascara, on eyelashes, remove with pads of cotton-wool soaked in warm salted water.

## SKIN CARE... begins at night

HAVE you ever been guilty of going to bed with your make-up on?

You are dead tired perhaps after a heavy day and a party at night and are just ready to flop into bed, hardly able to undress, let alone clean your face.

If you value skin beauty and hope to look young as long as possible, then never, never go to sleep with-

out removing your make-up and cleaning your skin. When you are very young your skin appears to stand up to lots of

neglect, but actually you are laying the foundations for skin troubles later on. For all night long the pores in



*Charming English Countess—*

The Countess of Normanton, wife of the fifth Earl of Normanton, is tall and slim, with honey blonde hair, hazel eyes, and a flawless pink and white skin. Her interests are wide. She plays the organ, and she's very fond of an active sporting life—she hunts, shoots, fishes and sails her own boat.



*LOVELY YOUNG AUSTRALIAN*

Miss Betty Stewart, a lovely young Australian, has golden brown hair, sparkling white teeth and a flawless golden skin. Miss Stewart does secretarial work when she's in town, and spends a lot of time at her parents' home in Moree. She's an outdoor girl—loves surfing, tennis, rides very well.

**BOTH HAVE THE SAME FAMOUS BEAUTY CARE FOR THEIR LOVELY COMPLEXIONS**

### QUESTION TO COUNTESS OF NORMANTON:

You could have any beauty care for your skin that you wish. Why is it that you prefer Pond's?

#### ANSWER:

"I'd never find time for complicated, lengthy beauty care, and frankly, I don't try. I've found that Pond's Creams keep my complexion right. I never fail to cleanse my skin thoroughly every night with Pond's Cold Cream. Then I know my complexion is safe from dullness and blemishes."

**QUESTION TO COUNTESS:** How do you always manage to keep your skin so flawless and well groomed?

#### ANSWER:

"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as my powder base. You see, it melts away any little rough bits of skin instantly, so that my skin is smooth and soft and ready to take powder beautifully. This cream holds powder for hours and hours, whether I'm out in the open air or dancing."

### QUESTION TO BETTY STEWART:

You spend so much time out in the sun and wind, haven't you found that makes your skin rough and flakey?

#### ANSWER:

"Pond's Cold Cream is all I need, and that only costs a few pence a week. I use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to cleanse my skin and keep it free from blemishes. I and I'm thrilled with the difference it has made."

### QUESTION TO BETTY STEWART:

You spend so much time out in the sun and wind, haven't you found that makes your skin rough and flakey?

#### ANSWER:

"Not since I've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. I always put some on before I go out and that protects my skin and keeps it smooth. And of course, when I'm in town, I always put on Pond's Vanishing Cream before I powder. It's a marvellous powder base."

This is how these lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's Two Creams.

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawless.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, 1/64, 1/128, 1/256, 1/512, 1/1024, 1/2048, 1/4096, 1/8192, 1/16384, 1/32768, 1/65536, 1/131072, 1/262144, 1/524288, 1/1048576, 1/2097152, 1/4194304, 1/8388608, 1/16777216, 1/33554432, 1/67108864, 1/134217728, 1/268435456, 1/536870912, 1/1073741824, 1/2147483648, 1/4294967296, 1/8589934592, 1/17179869184, 1/34359738368, 1/68719476736, 1/137438953472, 1/274877906944, 1/549755813888, 1/1099511627776, 1/2199023255552, 1/4398046511104, 1/8796093022208, 1/17592186044416, 1/35184372088832, 1/70368744177664, 1/140737488355328, 1/281474976710656, 1/562949953421312, 1/1125899906842624, 1/2251799813685248, 1/4503599627370496, 1/9007199254740992, 1/18014398509481984, 1/36028797018963968, 1/72057594037927936, 1/144115188075855872, 1/288230376151711744, 1/576460752303423488, 1/1152921504606846976, 1/2305843009213693952, 1/4611686018427387904, 1/9223372036854775808, 1/18446744073709551616, 1/36893488147419103232, 1/73786976294838206464, 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## Elegant as crystal yet practical GLASS FURNITURE

ONE of the newest developments in the home-furnishing world is furniture made of crystal-clear plastic glass, carved and moulded after the manner of wood. Many exquisite examples of this furniture are now on view in an Exhibition of Interiors in New York City.

By Airmail from Our Special Representative  
in New York

**PLASTIC FURNISHINGS** in a living-room in the New York Exhibition. The dainty blue damask lounge, chairs, and tables all have legs of glass. Kept to this beauty are draperies of white velvet, faced with yellow, and a lustrous, deep-piled Chinese carpet in sand color to cushion the footsteps.



**FURNITURE OF PLASTIC GLASS** gives queenly splendor to this bedroom on view at a New York furnishing exhibition. The room is alive with myriad rays of reflected light, yet has an atmosphere of repose. The headboard of the bed is actually quilted glass, and a mirror-topped table rests on "plume" glass legs.

### WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!



"Do have your breakfast!" "I don't want it," said Bill. "I won't have it!"



Then by a lucky mistake the grocer sent out some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.



"Snap! Crackle! Pop!" "O-o-h, listen to that, Mummy," said Bill when he poured the milk on his Rice Bubbles next morning. "Golly, I'd like Rice Bubbles for breakfast every morning."

**NO COOKING NEEDED!** Just pour those feathery, crunchy Rice Bubbles straight from packet to plate and serve with milk and sugar. Sold at your grocer's, oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive wax-tite innerseal packet. R.15

## DYNAMEL THAT TABLE!



### Dynamel is better than enamel

Dynamel dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. It levels itself out so you always get a mirror-smooth gloss. Dynamel is so hard it can be scrubbed again and again.

See for yourself. Dynamel your kitchen chair. It's easy. It's fascinating. 30 lovelier colors on Taubman's Dynamel Color Chart at all paint shops. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

### FREE TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.  
Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home," together with your new book All About Kitchens. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Age \_\_\_\_\_

If you are one who clings with artistic devotion to the time-honored traditional forms in furniture you may regard plastic glass as a new-fangled material, suitable for modern furniture but sheer heresy for furniture classics.

But at Grosfield House, New York, where furniture of plexiglas, the new material, is a special feature of the sixth annual Exhibition of Interiors, practically all the pieces are faithful reproductions of period designs.

Where you found wood in your old favorites you now find a crystal-clear material which catches and reflects the light and color of your room and gives a pleasantly exhilarating quality even to rooms where the decorative scheme aims at comfort and repose.

### Graceful turnings

THE graceful wood turnings that endear traditional pieces to your affections have their exact counterparts in plastic glass fashioned with a beauty that resembles the crystal-cutter's art.

Plastic glass is as elegant in appearance as fine crystal, but there is nothing fragile about its composition.

It is hard as wood, practically unbreakable, and doesn't chip or split. It is impervious to stains.

If you forget to close your window on a rainy day you will find no spoilage by dampness.

Joints cannot come loose, surfaces cannot blister or warp in overheated rooms.

Some authorities predict that this new glass furniture is destined to unfold a new era in home furnishing and decoration.





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**Super-milled  
LIFEBUOY**

A smooth coral-pink tablet—so bland, so mild that it might have been made only for sensitive skins. Yet with all the famous Lifebuoy protection that keeps you irreproachably dainty!

It breaks into creamy, bubbling lather that clears and cleanses each pore—toning your skin, preparing you for whatever the day may bring. You step from the bath with your personal freshness assured. The discreet fragrance of New Super-Milled Lifebuoy vanishes as you rinse, but its protection stays. You're immaculate, lovely all over, safe from unpleasant "B.O."

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